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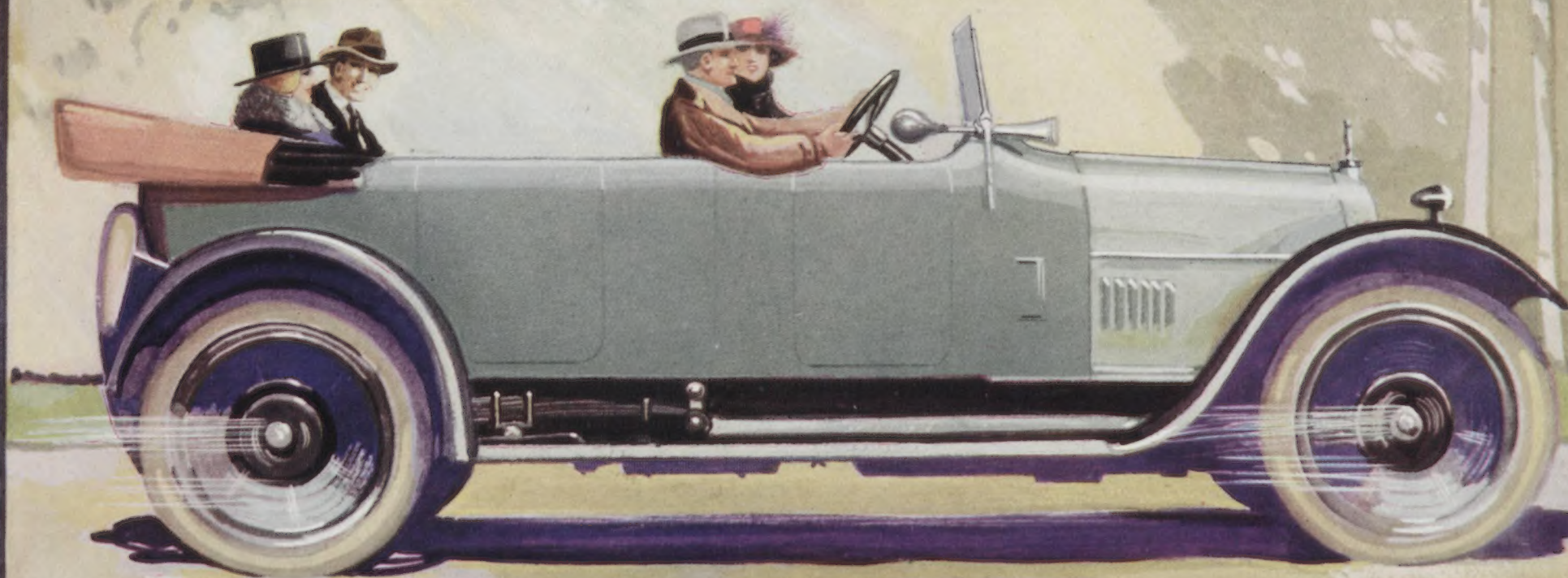
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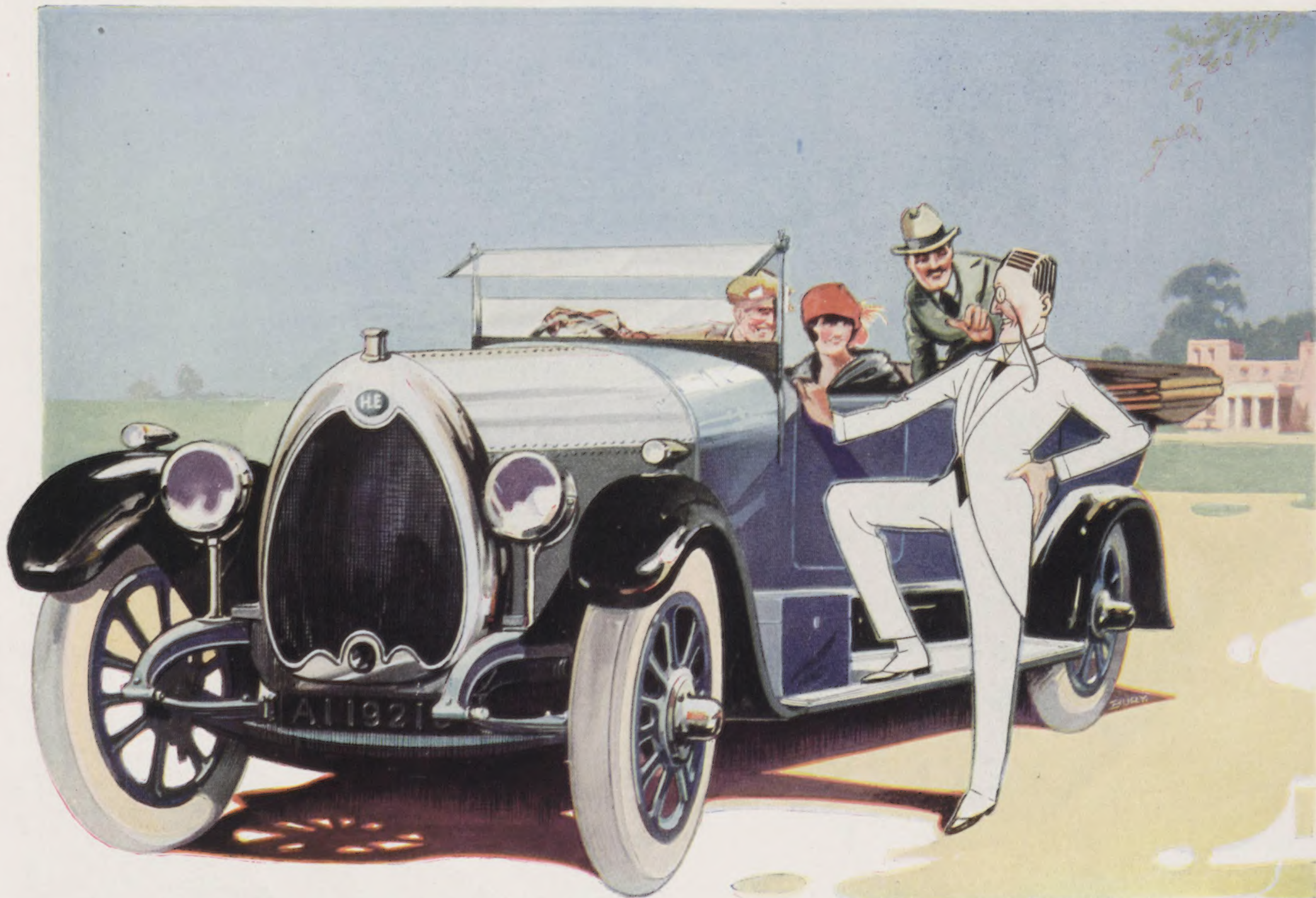


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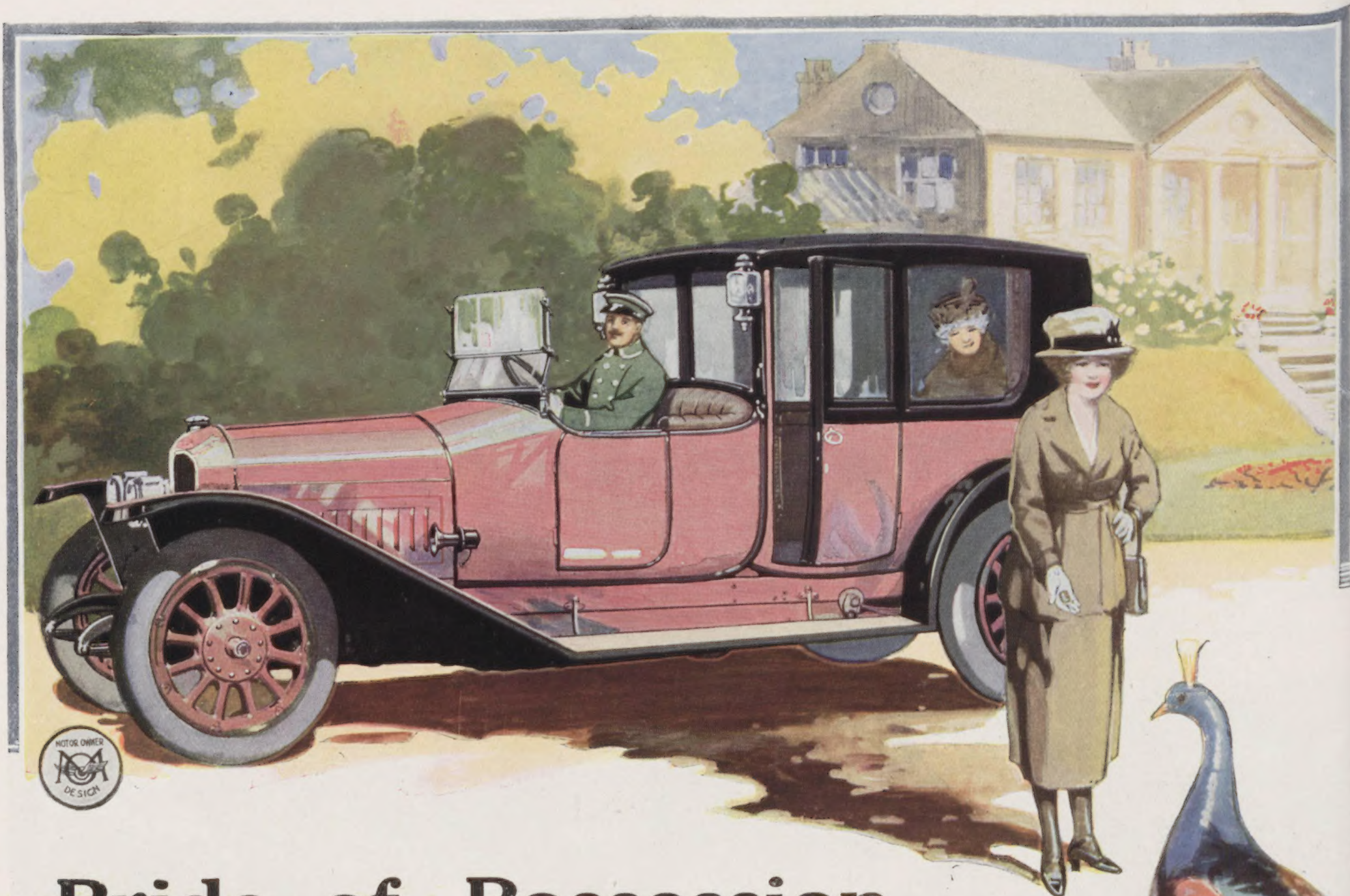
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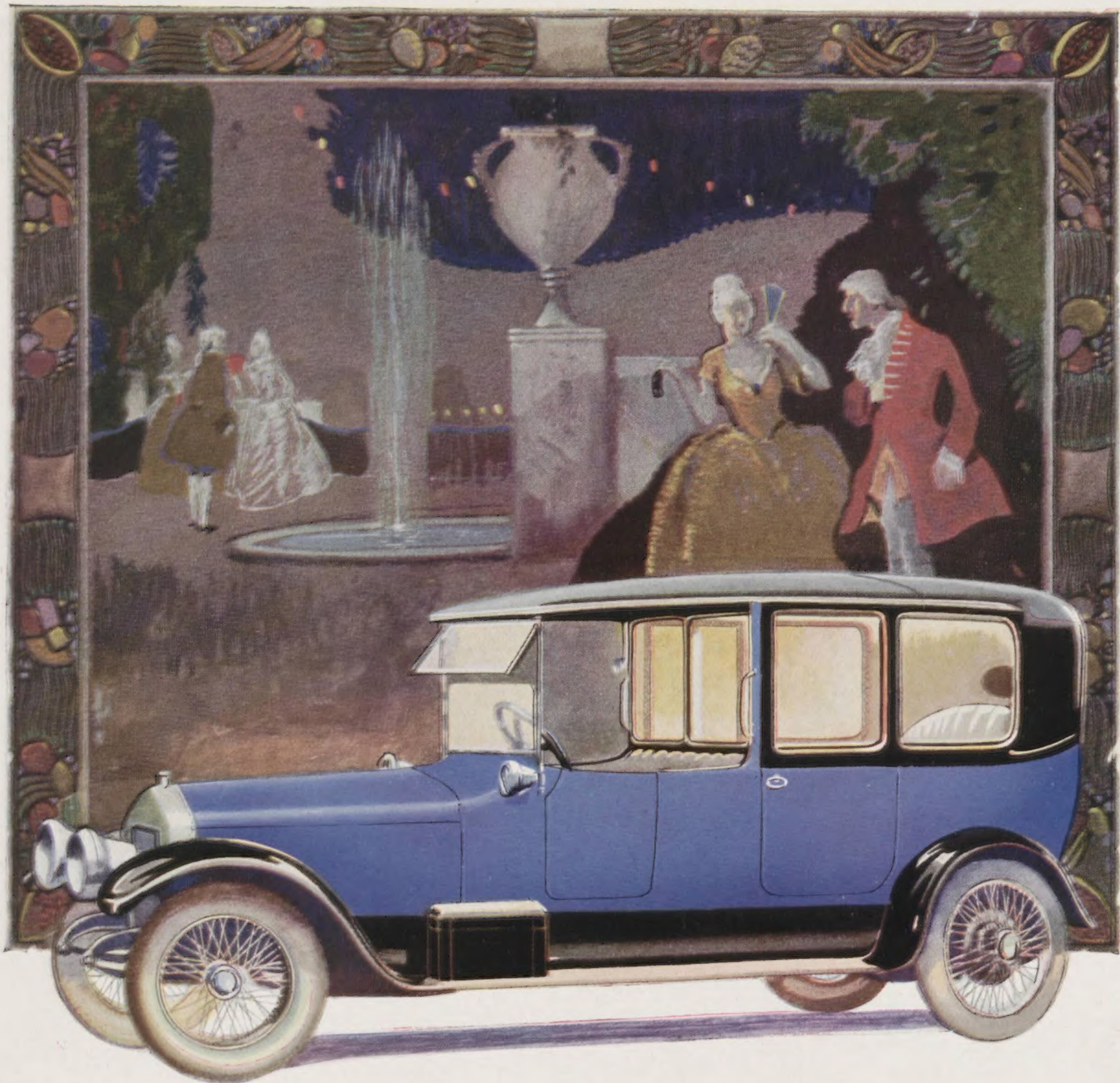
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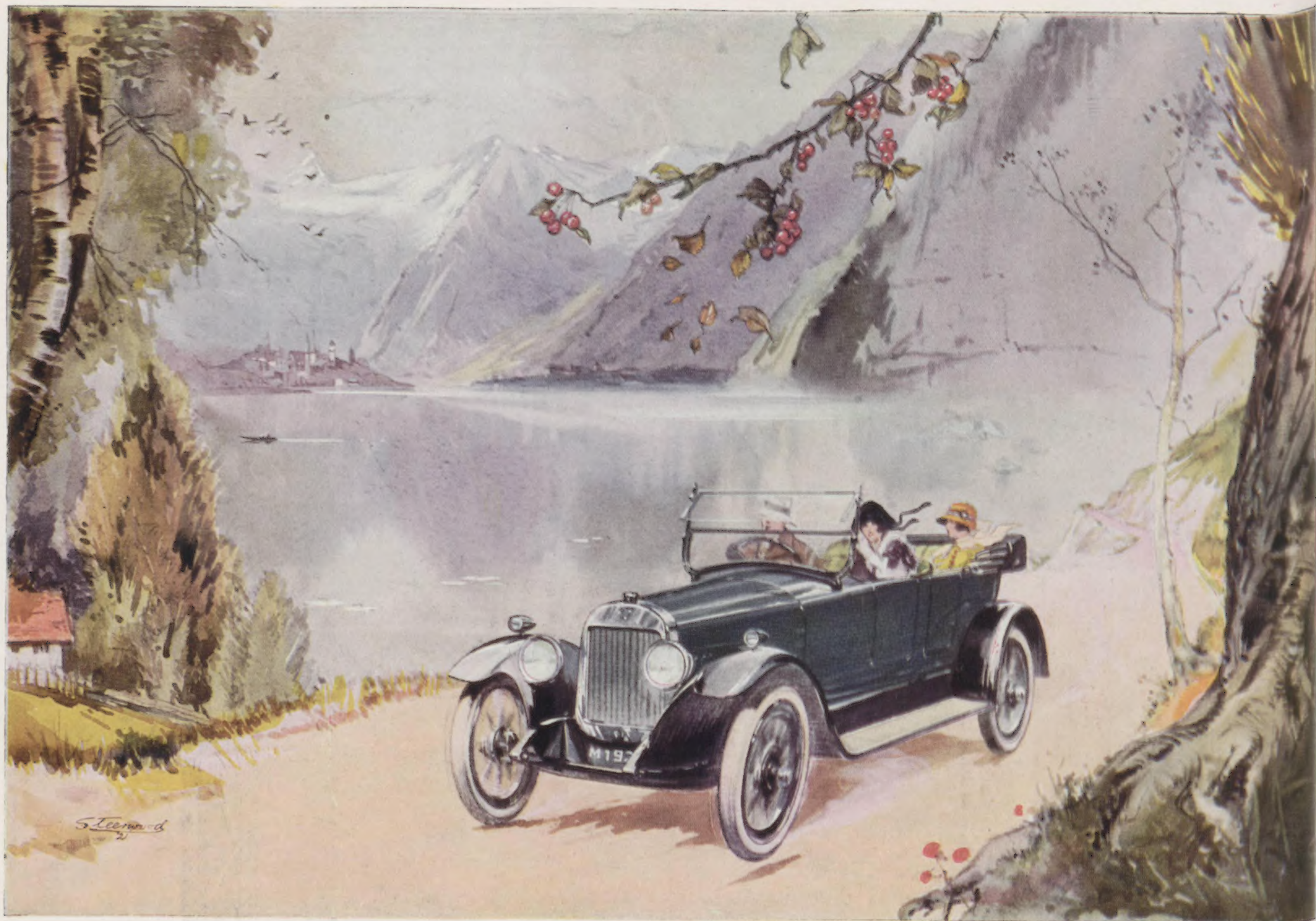
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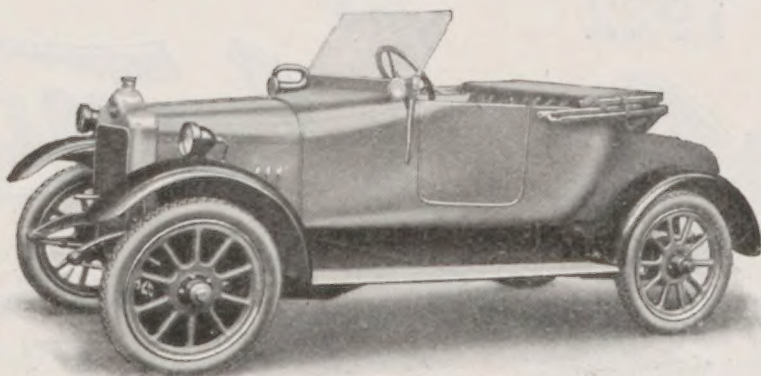
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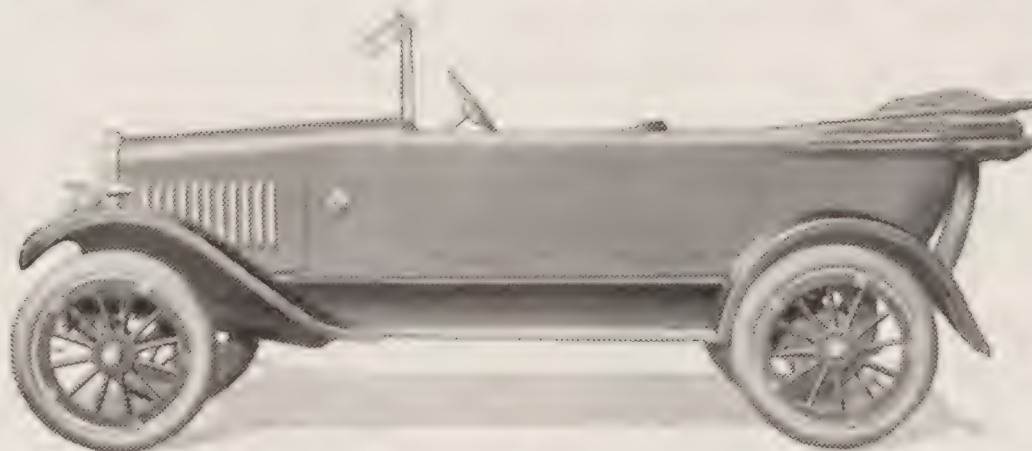
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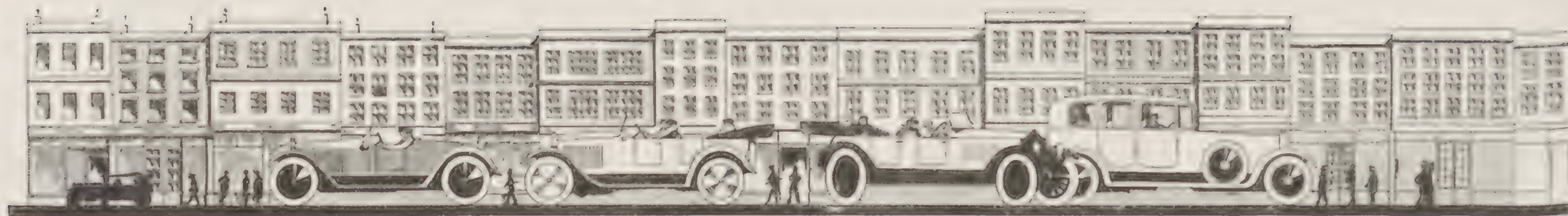
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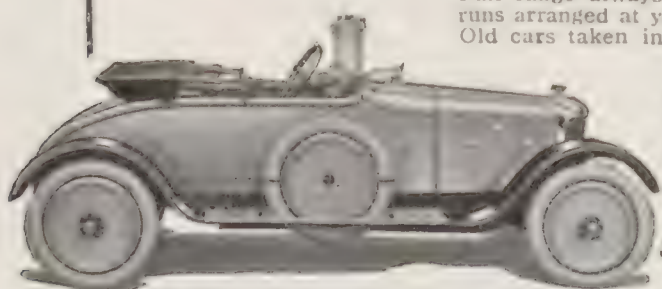
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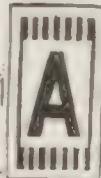
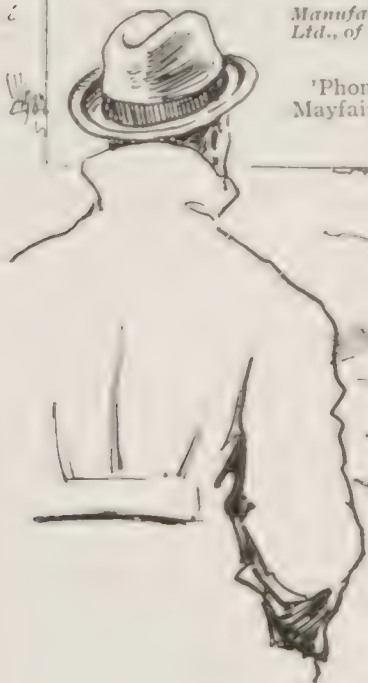
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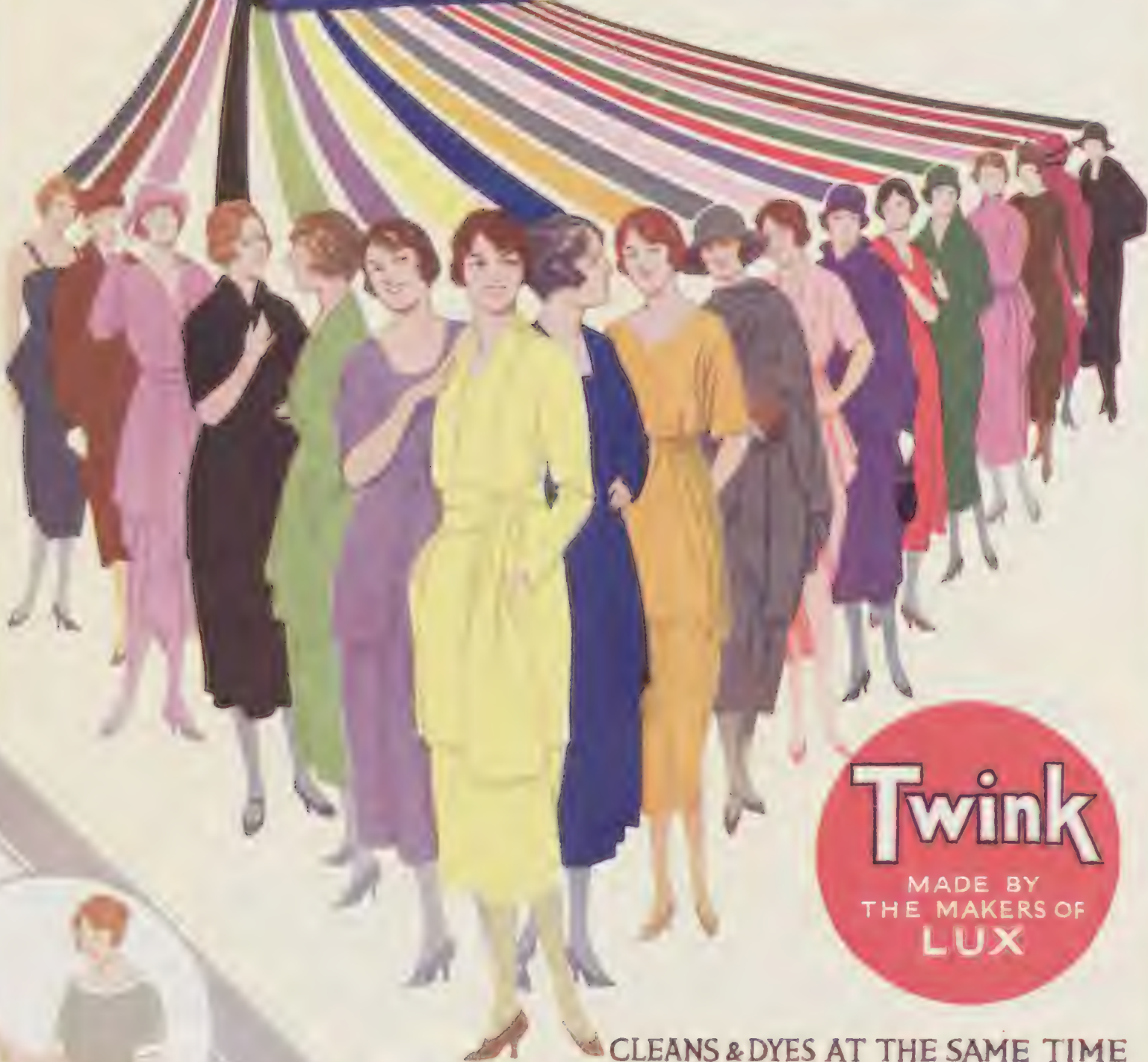
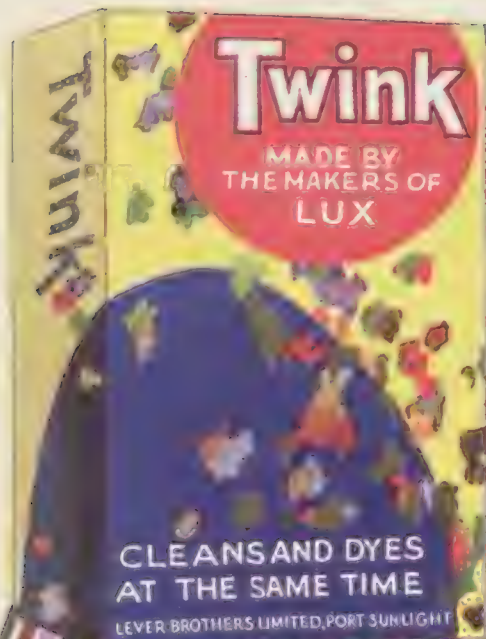
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THE MOTOR-OWNER

JANUARY
1922



VOL. III
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The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

THE START OF A RUN.

O P T I M I S T S !

Optimism is defined in our office dictionary as "a disposition to take a bright, hopeful view of things." It is an essential factor in the equipment of the bob-sleigh enthusiast. But it is easy to be optimistic in the clean, vital atmosphere of St. Moritz, where this photograph was taken.



UNNECESSARY COMPLICATIONS.

AFTER DUE REFLECTION.

"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.



THE LICENSING QUESTION.

ALTHOUGH there seems little reason to hope for any abatement in automobile taxation in the coming year, it is at least satisfactory that common sense has prevailed to secure a reasonable alteration in the existing regulations. After March next it will be possible to take out a licence for one, two, three, six, or nine months at the rate of 10 per cent. of the total annual tax per month. Further, from March to the end of July a reduction of 10 per cent. per month will be made on licences taken out to the end of the year. Thus up to February 28th a licence for a 13'9 h.p. car to December 31st will be the full £14; during March it will be 90 per cent. of that figure, during April 80 per cent., May 70 per cent., June 60 per cent., while in July the licence for the remaining half of the year will be exactly half-price. There is one trifling restriction in the amended regulations which may conceivably cause annoyance, and maybe difficulty, and that is the fact that while one may take out a two-months or one-month licence at 20 per cent. and 10 per cent. respectively of the full year's charge, these short period licences apply only to the last two months, and the last month of any quarter. It is reasonable to suppose that an owner may have vital reasons for requiring his car during the first month only of a quarter; perhaps he may be going abroad thereafter—but he apparently has to pay the full three-months' charge.

A GIFT HORSE.

It is rather looking a gift horse in the mouth, perhaps, to criticise adversely the concession that has been made, but one cannot help marvelling at the trivial shortcomings of nearly any scheme which a government department may evolve. If a scheme of similar complication were produced by an up-to-date business house, it would be pruned and trimmed, and

added to until something approaching perfection was reached. A government departmental scheme, however, with greater facilities in the way of time and a variety of brains that may be brought to bear on the subject, usually carries all the signs of haste and insufficient consideration. When the manifest deficiencies are brought to light, a solid wall of sheer obstinacy is met with; if, eventually, as in the present case, the department concerned is induced to amend its original draft, even the revised regulations still contain imperfections.

WHYS FOR THE WISE.

These things are so; but it is beyond the capacity of the ordinary individual, blessed with common sense instead of genius, to say why. Another thing: What earthly need is there to tie motorists down to certain purely arbitrary periods? We do not suggest that a licence for a shorter period than one month should be issued, but why cannot the owner who takes delivery of his car on, say, April 18th, take out a licence for one month to the corresponding day in May, or for two or three months to the corresponding days of June or July? Again, why should the owner of a 20'1 h.p. car pay a £21 tax per annum?

OUR "FEEBLE VOICE."

Sir Julian Orde, speaking at the luncheon given at the R.A.C. to speed him on his six-months tour under sunnier skies, made a plausible excuse for the failure of the ruling body of automobilism to secure any amelioration of the conditions of taxation. We feel that because we are so numerous we should be able, through our great organisations, to secure justice and reasonable attention to our requirements. But the voice we are able to raise is feeble compared with that of the whole of the community; and the whole of the community raised in united objection to Mr. Kellaway's increased postage, telegram and telephone charges was unavailing. Sir Julian asked whether, in view of this fact, it was really so astounding that the automobile organisations were unable to shake the grim determination of the Treasury, the Customs and the Ministry of Transport to carry their scheme through. There is certainly something to be said for this point of view. Motorists know of old, as a matter of fact, the obstinacy of the Government—any government—when once it gets an idea into its head, and the absolute futility of protest. The original change in the scheme of automobile taxation was forced through



*It may be a far cry to un-
bounded prosperity, but
there is no doubt that things
are steadily brightening.
Come now, admit it!*

LITTLE RISKS OF GREAT DANGER.

in the teeth of a storm of protest; the authorities cared not that the adoption of the R.A.C. rating not only created unfair conditions but might well have fostered the development of an undesirable type of engine. They were adamant. They have been shown that the only fair form of taxation is that based upon the use, and, incidentally, road-damage, of a car; they can well believe that the motorist would hail with delight a renewal of the "pay-as-you-go" petrol tax; and yet they are adamant. Now they have discovered for themselves that the motorist is paying far more than is necessary. What is going to happen—and when? Nothing—ever?

CYCLISTS' REAR LIGHTS.

While we are on semi-legal topics, a word must be said on the subject of rear lights. Every vehicle, as a matter of plain common sense, should carry a red rear lamp for its own protection, but it is the cyclist whom we have particularly in our minds, and the place where a rear lamp is most necessary is where, off-hand, one would consider it least necessary—in towns. The motorist is unable to use his headlamps, which save the situation on unlighted country roads, where, incidentally, the little patch of light on the road ahead from the bicycle's front lamp is a guide also; and a car driver, turning out of brilliantly lighted Oxford Street or Piccadilly into the dim illumination of a side street or the Park, is very liable to find himself right on top of a bicycle before he has time to realise the danger. The faint light of the far-apart street lamps just suffices to kill the bicycle's small patch of illumination, and does not suffice to throw the cyclist into relief. How any sane individual can take the

enormous risk of riding a bicycle anywhere without even a reflex red light surpasses our powers of guessing; but since they do, it is essential, in the interests of public safety, that the provisions of D.O.R.A. on the subject of universal rear lights should be restored.

DRIVING IN TOWN.

The danger of running down comparatively unoffending cyclists, however, is not the only one which besets the path of the town-dwelling motor-owner. The policeman on point duty who does not know his job is even worse. The London policeman is, of course, a perfect marvel when you encounter him in the busy parts of the City or West End—ability to control traffic, incidentally, is not a virtue peculiar to the Metropolitan force—but on the outskirts of London, with the best will in the world, constables frequently make a terrible hash of the matter. At one crowded cross-road and intersection of tram-lines in the "far West" a policeman is continuously on point duty, but never makes the slightest effort to control or direct the traffic. The same applies to another crossing a couple of miles farther out on the same road. Then there is a dangerous junction of five ways nearer to the centre of things, much used by taxis, private cars and commercial vehicles, where there is always one and frequently two policemen on duty. Here, again, the driver seldom receives any assistance; and, finally, at another point not far away, where a taxi short cut crosses a main 'bus route, the constable makes an attempt to control the traffic and succeeds only in looking like an animated windmill. The essence of safety for pedestrians and wheeled traffic is

in the police control, and it seems to us that constables should be rendered efficient by training and proved by examination before being entrusted with such responsible work. London has always justly prided itself on its efficient traffic control—has been admired by all the world, in fact. It is a pity that the standard should be allowed to fall off.

MORE COMMON SENSE.

Do motorists trust too much to their headlamps? It almost seems that they do, and that they—or many of them—drive with quite an erroneous principle at the back of their heads when courtesy compels them to switch off their big lamps or when temporarily blinded by the headlamps of another car. They carry on on the principle that so long as they can see no obstruction they are safe. Now the essence of careful driving is to regard one's self as safe only when one can see *that there is* no obstruction. This is a distinction with a very great difference. A Scottish sheriff, finding a charge of dangerous driving "not proven" in a case where a motorist, dazzled by the headlamps of a tramcar, had charged the rear of a horse-drawn vehicle, summed up the matter in a nutshell. In such circumstances, he said, it was the motorist's duty to slow down, or if necessary stop altogether, until he could see properly and not, by blindly proceeding, run the risk of running into anything that might be on the road in front of him. Pure common sense again! If only all of us could map out our lives on common-sense lines and never let haste, temper or sentiment influence our actions, what a happy place this world would be. But how prosaic!



THERE IS A PESSIMIST IN EVERY COMPANY.
ARE YOU ONE?—IF SO, CUT IT OUT.

*Remember that with a new year comes new hope—
talk, breathe, live that hope and it will materialise.*

A SERIOUS INDUSTRIAL HANDICAP.

“UP GUARDS — AND AT ’EM.”

By Captain E. de Normanville.

Forbearance up to a reasonable point is excellent, but the time has come to act differently.

SO far as one can see, matters motoring appear to be developing slowly along channels leading to better times. The great fillip of the Show was followed by a somewhat slacker time in December, but that was only natural. As a matter of fact, that month of Christmas jollity has always been a period of comparative slackness in the motor industry. Circumstances would have to be a little out of the ordinary for a man to take delivery of a new car in the middle of December. Can you picture yourself doing it? Probably not; and that is the reason why comparatively few people *do* do it.

Therefore in applying my thinking-cap to the fall-off in trade in December, I make very light of it. It means nothing beyond normal and natural causes and effects. Now, with the break of the new year, we already find ample evidence of motoring revival. Folk are taking a more optimistic outlook on things in general, and this is reflected in matters motoring. The “Peace on Earth, Goodwill Towards Men” of the 1921 Christmas may have a real and lasting effect in this year of grace, 1922. Let us hope so, at any rate.

DISTURBING
ELEMENTS

At this juncture, more than ever before, it should be someone’s job to see that no avoidable disturbing element is allowed to remain. The ill-effects of the bad taxation scheme were more vitally apparent last

month than ever before. One leading manufacturer invited me to come to his office so as to have an opportunity of personally investigating his correspondence on that subject. I was astounded to find no fewer than 27 letters from buyers holding over the delivery of their cars until the new year on account of the tax. It does not require any very abstruse introspection to visualise how serious a handicap such a thing was to the industry. Not only had the manufacturer to go without his money, but he had to find storage and care for the cars. He was also unable to engage further hands (reducing unemployment), because he was unable to get far enough ahead with this stock and financial load in the way. Multiply that case throughout the industry, and you get some idea of how bad Government legislation can harass a great industry. It is an outrage; but, unfortunately, John Business

Citizen has to labour under many such at the present time.

How far will the new sop to this bad taxation relieve the situation? On paper, I grant you that it should prove helpful. Unfortunately, however, I do not find many of the thinkers in the trade taking a very hopeful view. The whole scheme is so ill-conceived, so childishly evolved, and so blatantly unjust that this sop of afterthought is not likely to do very much good. I sincerely trust that those who think thus may prove wrong. But if they do not, then we must make most emphatic representations to the authorities to right the wrong they have brought into being.

TAKING IT LYING DOWN.

Immediately after the “Goodwill Towards Men” celebrations, one should not be waxing warlike. Yet I confess that I feel very much that way. After all, if we do not look after ourselves,

who, this side of Eternity, is likely to do it for us? We have a vast industry, and we are all bound by bonds of mutual interest, whether manufacturers, sellers or users of cars or their appurtenances. Why should we allow other folk, with brains like rabbits and self-conceit like Deified Egoism, to play Hell with our industry and interests? Why should we be sacrificed on the altar of opportunism to make good their egregious follies? Why, because they riotously waste our substance, should we allow ourselves to be picked out unjustly to make



Col. the Rt. Hon. Sir Hamar Greenwood, M.P.,
and Lady Greenwood, with their 25/30 h.p.
R.F.C. Crossley landaulette.

TRADE UNIONISM?

further contributions to their exchequer? Why do we stand for it? Why, to mix the metaphor, have we allowed ourselves to get into the habit of taking it lying down? Have we no Cicero-tongued champion to say them nay?

I sadly fear that lack of cohesion in our own ranks is our Achilles heel. I believe that the champion would arise to cry: "Hold! Enough!" if there were any likelihood of his receiving adequate and sustained support. We are all too loyally British—or, shall I say, too sheeplike? Authority says you must pay thus much; and, though we know it to be wrong, to be unjust, to be against our own and even the nation's interests, we pay thus much. We grumble, we argue, we deputise—and we might just as well save our breath. But we have yet to show that we can do anything with a sting in it—anything which counts. How the demi-gods of Bureaucracy must laugh up their well-tailored sleeves!

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

I do not suggest that we should all turn Bolsheviks. I do, however, suggest most emphatically that we should make a New Year's resolution—and keep it—to the effect that these things must cease. The period is a critical one in our history. There lies dormant a potential development to British motoring which neither your mind nor mine can conceive. It is dammed (?damned) this way, that, and the other by foolish and grandmotherly legislative restrictions and constraints. Surely now is the time to cry: "Up Guards and at 'em!" Let us consolidate our ranks. Let us get together. Let us get *somehow* the power which is at our disposal, if only we act collectively. I don't care two-penn'orth of bad gin what lead we follow, so long as it is good and right. Whether it be the A.A. or the R.A.C. matters not one iota so long as it be someone who will give a lead and find

the necessary organising machinery to ensure support.

But it must be borne fully in mind that there are two factors essential to any such organisation. The factor which has been chiefly missing in the past is YOU, Mr. Reader—and me, if you like. No organisation in the world can accomplish anything worth achievement if it is not backed fully by those who are to benefit. Your half-hearted, lackadaisical interest—lukewarm at the best—is no use at all. You must be prepared to act, to do something, to suffer inconvenience for your own ultimate benefit and for the movement.

WOULD YOU?

That is the query I put to you this new year. Would you be prepared to replace your accustomed indifference by keen virility? Would you be prepared to sign an agreement with some influential representative body of proven capacity and integrity, to do thus and so, or not to do thus and so, if ordered? Would you, for example, be prepared to forgo the use of your car for a week as a protest, if such a dictum were decided upon?

We have tried the grin-and-bear-it tactics too long. We get nowhere—unless it be worse in the mire. Forbearance is wholly excellent—up to any point in reason. We have passed that point. It is time to act differently. And the will to do so is the new year's

resolution I would ask you to make. Be prepared. Let us demand no more than justice—but let us see that we get it. And, believe me, it is "up to" us in the first place. If any reasonable measure of organised unity—trade union principles at their best—could be cultivated, then our organisations would have a chance to right our wrongs. But without that neither they nor anyone else could do anything. And if in this new year of grace we do not get a better idea of unity in our ranks, then, damme, sir, we deserve all that we get.

ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB ACTION.

In view of the above article by Capt. de Normanville, the following official announcement by the R.A.C. is interesting:—

The R.A.C. has always strongly maintained that the method of taxation proportionate to road users, by means of a tax on liquid fuel, is by far the fairest and best, and that, notwithstanding all the difficulties which exist, this method of taxation should be further examined.

On the other hand, if the method of taxation by horse-power is to be retained, the R.A.C. is of opinion that several modifications should be made in the existing scale, and in October last the Club approached the Ministry of Transport with the following suggestions:—

(a) That, in view of the revenue realised having exceeded expectations, the question of a reduction of the tax from £1 per h.p. to 15s. per h.p. should now be taken into consideration.

(b) That the full tax of £1 shall not be charged for a fractional unit of horse-power, but that the charge be proportional to the unit.

(c) That the difference on a quarterly licence between one-fourth of the full yearly licence duty and the amount now paid should not be so great.

The R.A.C. has now appointed a special sub-committee to consider the whole question.



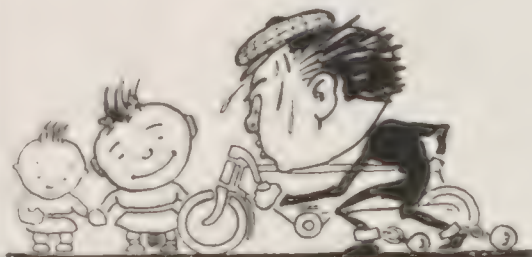
The Rt. Hon. F. G. Kellaway, M.P. (the Postmaster-General), on his 11 h.p. Riley coupé, which he drove from Edinburgh to London in one day when returning from Inverness last summer—a striking demonstration of the utility of the owner-driven light car.

A VERSE DEDICATED TO MOTORING.

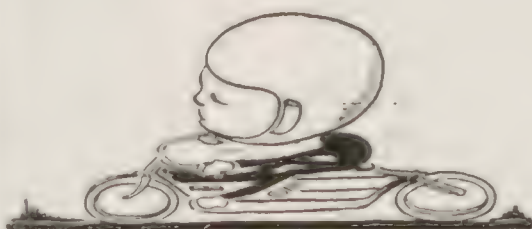
THE RULING PASSION.

By R. T. Nicholson.

Some of the Seven Ages of Man from a Motoring Point of View.



*Yet, even as I shoved it,
I loved it—how I loved it!*



*At Brooklands I have
hurtled round the track.*

I OWNED a motor-bike, and
thought it "sport,"
In the pioneering days of long
ago,
Though its battery ignition
Taught the language of perdition,
As I shoved along "with solemn
steps and slow":
Yet, even as I shoved it,
I loved it—how I loved it!
(Though I couldn't find that inter-
mittent "short.")

I have motored down to Brighton like
a lord:
I have traversed all the highways in
the land;
I have even steered a scooter
(It was fitted with a hooter!)
Through the much-congested traffic
of the Strand;
I have revelled in the costly
Cushioned comfort of a Crossley,
And I've rattled in the racket of a Ford.

Down at Brooklands I have hurtled
round the track,
And gloried in a very glut of power:
I have known the joy of speeding
At a reckless pace, exceeding
The statutory twenty miles an hour:
And I still cried, "Hurtle,
hurtle!"
When the demon car turned turtle,
And sent me to the railings with a
whack.

To motoring I dedicate my verse:
I shall sing of it as long as I have
breath;
And though I've now turned
eighty,
And my load of years is weighty,
I hope to be still "in it" at the
death—
And feed my "ruling passion"
In the very latest fashion,
By motoring to Brookwood in a
hearse!

R. T. NICHOLSON.



*I have even steered a scooter
Through the traffic of the Strand.*



*I hope to be still
"in it" at the death.*

S O C I A L C E L E B R I T

Some Charming Outdoor Photographic Studies taken by Miss Compton



Mrs. Sacheverell-Coke and her children, whose father was killed in action in 1914. Little Roger, seen in this photograph, is Lord of the Manor of Pinxton and joint Lord of the Manor of South Normanton.



ACTIVITIES AT HOME.

Tompton Collier before the Starkness of Winter made itself felt.



Centre: The Countess of Bradford, who is the eldest daughter of Lord Aberdare, at Weston Park, Shifnal.
Above: Lady Evelyn Cobbold with her little grandson, Toby Sladen, taken at Holy Wells, Ipswich.

A TALK WITH OUR READERS,

In which we take you into our confidence and make an interesting announcement.

ALTHOUGH the appearance of the January Number of THE MOTOR-OWNER marks the beginning of a new year so far as ordinary human affairs are concerned, actually our "New Year" does not begin until June. Nevertheless, this is a suitable opportunity for "A Talk with Our Readers." We do not believe in mysteries—we desire, in fact, to take you all into our confidence and tell you of our intentions. Our policy from the first has been perfectly simple, and is clearly explained by the title of the magazine. It is so obvious that a journal of the name of THE MOTOR-OWNER is designed to cater for the needs and look after the interests of the private or individual motorist. It does not profess to be a trade journal in any sense of the term. We are, in fact, in a class by ourselves: We represent the private motorist.

In June, 1919, our first number struck out on entirely new lines, and our friends in both automobile and journalistic circles, while expressing unbounded admiration for the artistic and literary merit of the journal, doubted whether we could "keep it up" in regard to both main policy and excellence of production. We knew that we could, and as each month went by we were the more convinced that an even higher standard could be reached. Time has proved that we were right. The success of any periodical is mainly dependent upon the existence of the demand for it—a need which may not have been realised, but which immediately exhibits urgency when once it has been recognised. That THE MOTOR-OWNER meets such a demand is amply proved by the hundreds of letters of appreciation we have received from our readers from all parts of the world.

Perhaps that is one of the most notable features of the success of THE MOTOR-OWNER—its remarkable popularity overseas. The Briton abroad is for the most part a more enthusiastic

individual than he is at home; perhaps, being an enthusiastic lover of the Motherland and an enthusiastic motorist, he feels that THE MOTOR-OWNER is a real link with all those features of home life in which he is most interested. Whatever his reason, his enthusiasm for the journal is real enough; real enough, too, to make us more keen than ever upon maintaining our watchword, "Each issue better than the last."

But on the face of it, to make each issue better than the last is not an easy matter, and it is complicated by the even greater difficulty of knowing exactly what readers want in the way of reading matter. As a matter of general policy, we keep the contents as varied as possible. We have no special features which in the course of time may become familiar and stale, almost without our knowledge. We take the line that motor-owners may be of either sex; that they are not in the main technical experts, and, further, that motoring is, after all, only one of their many interests. Thus, we are not merely "one of the motor papers." We are a magazine of general interest with a particular attraction for motor-owners. So the contents of any number of THE MOTOR-OWNER will be found to contain not merely a soberly-reasoned article on any important development in the motor world, and advice couched in comprehensible language on little problems which arise in the motoring life of every owner, but also articles of sporting interest applicable to the season in which they appear; notes on travel both at home and abroad; criticism—honest criticism, be it said—of new cars and new models of old cars; a short story or so; humour, both artistic and literary, a-plenty; and always something specially to interest lady readers—it may be a page of the latest Paris fashions or possibly some leaves from "A Woman's Note-Book."

One development in our policy which first sees the light in this number—we

refer to the series of Travel Supplements which we propose to publish in conjunction with THE MOTOR-OWNER—is worthy of more than passing comment. As we are taking our readers into our confidence, we may state that we have been approached by a number of Foreign Governments who, realising the enormous extent to which the travelling habit has grown in recent years, seek to place before the British public through this journal the advantages offered for travel by their respective countries. The first of these is representative of this series: it forms a guide for the reader who has already decided to visit the particular country dealt with, or will furnish useful suggestions for future tours. We anticipate that this series will prove not only an interesting but also a most valuable feature.

It is our continuous endeavour to give ever better value to our readers, and to this end we are glad to be in a position now to announce that from our February Number onwards we have decided to reduce the price of THE MOTOR-OWNER from 1s. 6d. to One Shilling. This reduction bears no relation to corresponding reduction in the cost of production. On the contrary, owing to continued additions and improvements, our production cost is higher than ever, but THE MOTOR-OWNER is of ever-increasing value to our advertisers, and rightly they should bear their share of these increased costs.

We have already said that we have a high ideal before us. We intend that this journal shall be better than the best which has ever been published before. This is just where you can help us. We think we know what you want, but we hope for your assistance and co-operation. We ask for constructive criticism; we welcome suggestions. Are we giving YOU the magazine you want? If we are, write and tell us. If we are not, will you also tell us what you miss?

KEEPING UP THE GOOD OLD CUSTOMS.

SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN.



Never is the New Year so long in coming as when you sit up with friends to see it in. Since ten o'clock the Flippits and their guests, the Dalrymples, have maintained conversation only by herculean mental efforts. Now, at ten past eleven, it has completely perished. Mrs. Flippit has just played her last card by offering her book of snapshots to Mr. Dalrymple, but he is completely absorbed in deciding whether the clock has stopped, and passes the trick. And fifty minutes of 1921 remain.



Can anyone say wherein the pleasure lies of being roused from sound slumber, wished a Happy New Year, and left to toss the rest of the night thinking of income taxes, strikes, coal shortages, payments on mortgages and other joys that the New Year holds in store? Mrs. Elfrida Wynn can't say, but still she lies awake till midnight so as to be sure to wish her dear Ferdinand a Happy New Year on the stroke of twelve.



The vagaries of the Wasgatts' timepieces are always a fruitful source of dispute on New Year's Eve. When his watch says midnight, Mr. W. is quite ready to exchange the season's greetings and go to bed; but, unfortunately, Mrs. W. backs her own watch, which shows only a quarter past eleven. There follows an argument of such heat that, when midnight finally does sound, they are not on speaking terms, and can't wish each other a "Happy New Year," anyway.



Do you know how the guests of the Borgias felt just before the poison was administered? So feel the guests of Horatio Goodfellow, who is credited, by common consent, with making the worst "toddy" in town. He has sprung a pleasant surprise at his New Year's party in the form of a bowl of his own brewing, and has announced that on the tick of twelve they will toast the New Year.

A MECHANICAL THOROUGHBREED.

The Paige car, with its smooth and silent six-cylinder engine, its easy gear change, light and sensitive steering, wonderfully efficient springing, and its reliable brakes, is a car to be proud of—one which induces pride of ownership in the highest degree.

SO far as our personal recollections can be trusted, the Paige car is a post-war newcomer to this country. The war, however, is now a thing of the past by roughly three years, and in that time the make has very definitely "made good." It is one of the least Yankee of American cars—in fact, little evidence of its country of origin is noticeable in either its appearance or running. The word "American" in matters automobile has, of course, long ceased to be a stigma, and is now merely a description, but at the same time manufacturers on the other side have so specialised and so excelled in the production of inexpensive cars in which the inexpensiveness is gained largely by sacrificing the quality of non-vital and non-mechanical externals, that perhaps this word of explanation is only fair in the case of a car which does not fall within the category usually implied by the description. There are, maybe, a bare half-dozen of American cars—of which the Paige is one—in this country which are entitled to be regarded as in the same class as any high-quality European automobile. And the high-class American car, in which the question of a few dollars either way has not been allowed to influence either design or choice of material, is undoubtedly a very fine car indeed. Unfortunately—that is, looking at the matter from a national standpoint—the British cars with which it is in competition are, even to-day, considerably more expensive.

This, however, is neither the place nor the occasion to enter upon a more detailed discussion of such intricate matters. Suffice it to say that America, in spite of her general quantity-

production methods of manufacture, is able to turn out a car which is eminently suitable for a very large class of British motorists. And the Paige is an outstanding example. With its smooth and silent six-cylinder engine, fool-proof gear-change, light and sensitive steering, wonderfully efficient springing, and reliable brakes, it is a mechanical thoroughbred; and externally the quality of upholstery and general finish is quite in keeping. It is a car to be proud of—a car which induces pride of ownership in the highest degree.

A recent trial run which we were privileged to take on a 20-25 h.p. model was not our first experience of the make, but it was a very enjoyable renewal of an acquaintance which had somewhat languished over a period of many months. We were glad to be able to refresh our impressions, to find that in the interval imagination had not supplemented recollection to produce an exaggerated idea of the car's merits.

When the car was handed over to us on a particularly beastly morning

on which, elbowed and jostled in an early tube train and finally ejected into the mixed murk and moisture of London, W.2, we almost hoped to find that the appointment had been cancelled. It was not a motoring day. However, as the home of THE MOTOR-OWNER hove upon the horizon we saw that the car had arrived a few minutes before its time. We saw, moreover, that its hood was up, and, more satisfactory still, that all the storm curtains were in place. We peeped inside; it looked cosy—the particular nastiness of the weather outside emphasised the cosiness within—so we climbed in. Some little difficulty in manœuvring a size-9 boot past the central gear-change and brake lever drew our attention to the existence of a right-hand door for the use of the driver, the side curtain upon which, like those on the other three, opened with the door. Sitting down at the wheel for the first time, the upholstery and seat angles threw us at once into a comfortable position; and we found, on starting, that it was possible, even for a stranger to the car, to loll in the seat and yet maintain perfect control over the wheel and the various pedals and levers.

Turning out of Henrietta Street into Bedford and Chandos Streets, Trafalgar Square and Pall Mall, we made use of the gear lever, but very quickly found that it was quite unnecessary to do so except in the case of an actual stop, when the car will get away gently and easily on second. Later on, as a mere experiment, we tried starting from a stand-still on "top," and the car made no bones about it. The clutch engages very sweetly, and the engine is amply powerful. So that, even though this is not a method of driving to be



A Paige car beside the well-known White Lady stone, between Kingston and Esher.

FOR THE FAMILY MAN.

recommended, such maltreatment would probably cause the Paige less harm than would be done to many cars. As a matter of fact, in the whole course of our run we did not use the lower gears at all except for starting and reversing, and one of our favourite test hills simply flattened out. It is not unusual to find a car that will climb that hill without much effort on top, but it is sufficiently long and steep usually to pull down the speed to about twenty miles an hour. Three quarters of the way up, and on the steepest part, the Paige was doing 35 and still gaining speed—and so we let it go at that.

As we have said, somewhat emphatically, it was a wretched day—cold, raining, and inclined to be misty—and yet we rather enjoyed the run than otherwise. The “top” was most effective so far as lack of draught and ample light were concerned, but for some reason which we were unable to fathom, the screen remained unobscured in all the different varieties of rain through which we passed. We quite expected that the comfort of the hood and curtains would be nullified by the necessity for opening the screen in order to secure visibility, but all the time we were able to see quite well, and so the top section remained in position. The only cause to which we can assign this welcome effect is the fact that the whole screen is slanted in

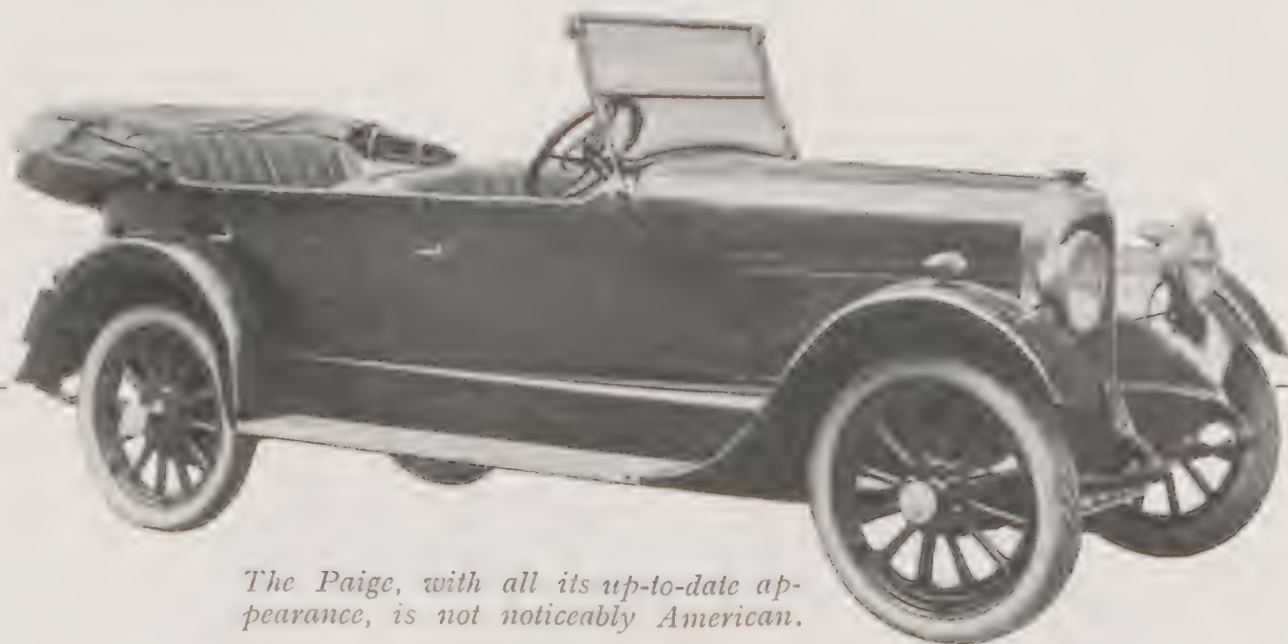
characteristic American fashion—this is, in fact, practically the only feature of the car which might lead one to guess its origin. We have not altogether liked the new line introduced by this slanting in the past, but it certainly does not detract from the graceful appearance of the Paige; and, even if it did, the permanent clearness of the glass would be worth it.

We have already inferred that the six-cylinder engine is remarkably flexible; it is, indeed, an ideal power-unit behind which to sit while driving about town, but really to appreciate its possession of the quality, one needs to find a spot at which one is suddenly released from the hampering restrictions of the traffic, and sees ahead the beginning of the open country. Such a place is the end of the tramlines on the Kingston-Esher road when, maybe, a stationary tramcar and a crowd of disembarking passengers obscure the view and the way. One threads one's way through on top, with the engine just ticking over, at a negligible number of miles an hour—and suddenly one realises that ahead is a clear run of a mile or so into Esher. One puts slight extra pressure on the accelerator pedal, of course; although unconsciously, but it really seems that the engine has sensed the greater freedom and rejoices in it. But it's a difficult thing to put into words; fifty miles

on a Paige is better than a thousand words on a page—and may we be forgiven for the pun!

The whole car is quite remarkably silent. One expects a six-cylinder engine to get about its work without undue fuss, of course, but we noticed particularly that this engine was not appreciably more noisy—even with the all-enclosed body—at forty miles an hour than at twenty. We had little opportunity of testing the gearbox for silence, although we were pleasantly surprised in the small amount of running that we did at the outset on second speed; but the back axle, at any rate, was absolutely inaudible. And there was a complete absence of those body rattles and spring squeaks that are so difficult to trace and remove, and that so often spoil the other admirable performance of a good car.

Criticising the Paige car entirely on its merits, and ignoring altogether the question of price, we should judge it to be admirably suited to the needs of the man who is looking for a sound and reliable family vehicle which is nevertheless capable of attaining and maintaining a good speed—in fact, the silence of the engine, the efficiency of the suspension and the ease of control should endow it with somewhat remarkable average-speed possibilities. And the price of the latest model of the type we tested is, we believe, £650!



The Paige, with all its up-to-date appearance, is not noticeably American.

WHERE THE WINDS BLOW COLD.

CHASTLETON MANOR HOUSE.

By Felix Rindle.

One of Oxfordshire's Most Stately Homes.

ABOUT three miles out from the windy town of Chipping Norton there stands, in one of the angles of a crossways on the Moreton-in-the-Marsh road, an inn, well known to followers of the Heythrop Hounds, called the Cross Hands—a name that on, among, and about the Cotswolds is as common to inns as the name Hanging Gate is common to them in my own countryside. The road to the left from that particular Cross Hands heads for Stow-on-the-Wold, also windy—"Stow on-the-Wold, where the wind blows cold," runs an old rhyme—and, as well, a place on to which roads converge as on to a metropolis. One day or another—say when summer is come again—you, Mr. Motor-Owner, and I, with the editor's permission, will take up our quarters at Stow. For that place is not only a worthy objective but also a capital place whence to go a-visiting the two Swells, the twin Slaughters, and another delectable village that not for nothing, nor even alone for the purpose of distinguishing it from Bourton-on-the-Hill, is designated Bourton-on-the-Water. • Meanwhile we, intent on the old manor house of Chastleton, shall need to follow the Stow road from the Cross Hands for only a mile or so, to a second crossways, less important, set amid woods. There we turn to the right, and after another mile or so win to our objective.

The house, accounted one of the stateliest in Oxfordshire—a shire which has its fair share of good houses—is so very commanding and, too, so close up to the road that only a blind traveller might pass by it without noticing it. It is built about a quadrangle, is full three

storeys high, and on each of two sides is flanked by a four-square tower, massive, four-storeyed, with a parapeted roof. Dignified as these towers may be, I confess that were they mine I should not be content with them until I had partly covered their nakedness with virginian creeper, though all the æsthetes and the architects and every member of every archæological society in England were to cry shame on me. The entrance front, with its two square bays and five pointed gables, is better, by ever so much less monotonous, yet not a whit less dignified. Between it and the highway there is nothing except a garden court, not bigger than is often to be seen in a London, a Manchester, or a Glasgow suburb; and the boundary wall is so low as only partially to screen garden plot from road. Not that Chastleton is a house lacking a park, only that here, as at Levens in Westmorland—the only other case of the kind I can call to mind—the park does not encompass the house, but, instead, spreads along the opposite side of the highway.

In the park, within sight from the road, there is a columbarium, and,

close-neighbouring the house, the parish church. In case you should not know what a columbarium is, let me explain. Before doing so, though, one would exhort you not to water your little bit of ignorance with salt tears. Ogilvie and Annandale give columbarium and, as well, columbary in their *Student's English Dictionary*; but neither the one word nor the other is included in the *Concise Oxford*, so that, you see, your ignorance is only slight, not profound. The non-inclusion of the word in the *Concise Oxford* may be the result of an oversight, or it may be that the scholarly compilers deem the word too archaic to be taken seriously at this time o' day. In either case I, who have confessed that in a given circumstance I would, if need were, defy a veritable host of pundits, am not going to turn craven and eat that word of full five choice syllables. An occasional archaic word is surely as permissible as, say, a "costume" play or one of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's mediæval romances, especially such a word, so finely rolling and deeply rumbling. Eat the word, indeed! Glory be to my little Mary, I would liefer, ever so, eat the fowl of the columbarium, spitted to a turn and well browned!

A columbarium (or columbary) is a pigeon-house, and this one in the park of Chastleton is as substantial as the old gray dignified manor house itself. And as the manor house is four-square and gabled, so is the old abode of the doves. There is a gable to each of the outside walls, and below each gable a circular window. Into each of the four walls, too, is let an open doorway, and the roof is surmounted by a cote with open-work



Chastleton House and its pretty approach.

A LITTLE HISTORY.

sides and a cupola, so that this Chastleton columbarium, as viewed from the road, is quite an old-fashioned town or market hall in miniature. The church, too, seems a miniature, not only because it is indeed a little church, but also because it is dwarfed by the great height and heavy mass of the manor house. The nave is largely paved with seventeenth and eighteenth century tombstones. There is a good but not very early font, a fine Jacobean pulpit, and a number of old tiles. The carvings of some of the bench ends are worth examining, and so are certain old brasses. The oldest, in the pavement between two of the nave pillars, to Katherine Throckmorton and her "five sonnes and foure daughters," is dated 1592; another near the chancel steps, to Edmund Ansley, his wife, and their "seaven sonnes" and three daughters, dated 1613, has a scroll thus inscribed:

"What is our life but grief?
Death only rest doth give;
Joye, then, for him which dies in
Christ,
And pittie those which lyve."

It is said that in this little parish church of Chastleton the "recusant" Bishop Juxon read service Sunday after Sunday during the Commonwealth, although to do so was penal, and Chastleton, however sequestered, is no great distance from a highway on which there must have been much to-and-froing of enemy troops, messengers and spies. On one occasion when the Bishop was out hunting, the hare, with hounds following hotfoot on a warm scent, took a line through the churchyard at Chipping Norton. The matter was reported to Cromwell as a sacrilege, but Cromwell himself was a country gentleman, and all that the informer got for his pains was the retort, "Do you think the Bishop prevailed on the hare to run through the churchyard?"

The high old house remains to this day substantially as it was left by the builders. Here and there a little pointing may have been done, but no "restorer" has laid a heavy hand on those walls and towers that seem as if

they might have been built in full expectation of the great Civil War, so naked and strong are they. The manor was a belonging of Richard Catesby, of Ashby St. Ledgers, a very beautiful house in Northamptonshire, nigh the great Roman road called Watling Street. Catesby is chiefly remembered as the arch-conspirator in the infamous Gunpowder Plot, but he had been in hot water before that day when, in Holland, he fell in with Mr. Guido Fawkes. He had been involved in Essex's rebellion and, in order to pay the fine that Queen Elizabeth had imposed upon him, he sold his manor of Chastleton to Walter Jones, a rich wool merchant of Witney. The house was built by Jones in the year that Elizabeth died and the slobbering and gabbling James—the "most learned fool in Christendom," as he was termed by Henry of Navarre—succeeded. The line of Walter Jones did not give out until 1828, but had stood a chance of doing so very much earlier. For Arthur Jones, Walter's grandson, had fought for Charles the First, and was one of the 12,000 who, on September 3rd, 1651, fought under Charles the Second at Worcester and had a third of their number killed. And thereby, as the saying goes, hangs a tale.

"The enemy hath had a greater losse and certainly is scattered, and run several ways. We are in pursuite of him, and have laid forces in several places that we hope to gather him up." Thus Cromwell, "being so weary and scarce able to write," nevertheless did write to Parliament at ten o'clock of the night of the "very glorious mercy

and as stiffe a contest for four or five hours" as ever he had seen. Wherefore, and also because the Parliamentarians were 30,000 strong and had closed in on Worcester by way of Evesham and Upton-on-Severn, such of the enemy as escaped eastward from the field engaged themselves to what must have been an uncommonly high adventure. So, eastward, did Arthur Jones escape; for there is a story, credible enough in all conscience and commonly credited, that late that night he arrived at his high house, Chastleton, stabled his horse, and was let in by his wife. The servants would be abed, the horse sorry for itself, and Arthur Jones sore in mind and aching in thew. The stress of the battle, the running of the gauntlet, the three-and-thirty miles, at shortest, from the field on Severn shore to wife and home—how crowded, how dog-tiring a day! Was the moon abroad? Were the roads dry? Roads, indeed!—were there in those days, when son took side against father and brother against brother, any roads as we understand such things?

The wife gave her husband meat and wine in an upper room. The room proved well chosen; the meal double-timely. It was scarcely over when the ring of horses' hoofs was heard, followed by a demand on the house door for admittance. Our cavalier slips behind an arras, slides a panel, and is in hiding; his wife answers the demand on the door and admits a troop of Cromwell's soldiers. They search the house in vain, but find the tired horse in its stall, and so

elect to sup and stay the night. No, they will not sup in the hall, nor in the dining-room; their meal they will have in that upper room—none other—in which, too, not between sheets, they will lie. The Devil is in it, but so is a resourceful woman, very much on her mettle. She sends up wine for the officer, beer for the men, and later, beer and wine having been drugged, our cavalier, released from the hiding-hole, gingerly steps over the prostrate soldiery, takes their best horse, and is away.



A picturesque corner from the garden.

I N N S A N D T H E I R S I G N S .

By William Osborne.

Some Quaint Examples of the Evolution of Well-known Names.

THE history of England could almost be traced by its inns and the names on their signboards.

From the wayside "Couponal" of the Roman occupation to the "Tabards" of Shakespeare's time and the "Bells" and "Anchors" of coaching days right up to the "Metropolises" of to-day, all conjure up a vision of England at different epochs of her long history.

Always the inn had its sign and the tracing of the origin of some of them brings most unexpected results.

We have all, excepting the Pussy-foots—(how Shakespeare would have loved these)—at some time or other partaken of refreshment at one of the many taverns bearing the sign of the "Cat and Fiddle"; who would imagine any relationship between that name and a faithful officer who once governed Calais?—Caton Fidèle. Yet his name was the origin of this sign.

The "Devil and the Bag o' Nails" commenced as the "Devil and the Bacchanalians," and the "Pig and Whistle" is a corruption of the "Peg and Wassail," which reminds us that tankards were once marked with pegs apportioning the amount to be consumed by each drinker.

The "Goat and Compass," a very frequent sign, takes us back to the days of Cromwell, whose soldiers, in establishing themselves at an inn, would throw down the existing sign and write "God encompass us" above the door. This being left, only required the passage of time to be corrupted into its present rendering.

It was nothing unusual in olden times for the country

houses of the nobility, during the absence of the owners, to be used as inns for the accommodation of travellers. At guest houses of this description it was customary to hang out as signs the arms of the owner, hence the origin of so many heraldic signs, such as the "Red Lion" and the "King's" and other "Arms."

Satirical humour is well in evidence in two old-time signs, the "Silent Woman" and the "Honest Lawyer," both representing decapitated individuals.

Near Reading is—or was—an inn with the sign the "World Turned Upside Down," representing the following anomalies: a Man pushing a Cart in which a Donkey is sitting, a Hare shooting a Man, a Rat chasing a Cat, a Pig killing a Butcher and Dogs ridden by Foxes chasing a Huntsman.

"The Case is Altered" and "Who'd have thought it?" are two popular but rather cryptic signs.

More than one tavern signboard has been painted by artists who, at the time impecunious and unknown, later became famous in the world of Art.

Hogarth painted a signboard, which had as its title the "Man loaded with Mischief," and depicted a man carrying on his back a woman, a monkey and a raven.

At least one inn can boast a board painted by artists already famous, the "George and Dragon" at Wargrave, on one side of whose board G. Leslie, R.A., depicted a terrific encounter between the Saint and the Dragon, and on the other J.E. Hodgson, R.A., showed the fruits of victory, portraying the Saint quaffing, with great relish, ale from a very large tankard.

The oldest sign and the oldest inn in England is the "Fountain" at Canterbury. It dates from 1029 and amongst other things it is supposed to have sheltered the officers who murdered Thomas à Becket.

The most highly situated tavern in the country is the "Tan Inn" in Yorkshire. Its altitude is 1,727 ft. above sea-level.

Perched on the summit of the Pennines, it is surrounded by very rough moorland country.

It is a popular belief that St. Boniface is the patron Saint of innkeepers. This is incorrect; the title belongs to St. Theodutus, who kept an inn at Ancyra in Galatia, where he suffered martyrdom in A.D. 303. History does not record what sign designated his establishment.



One of the reputed "oldest inns" in the country—"Ye Old Fighting Cocks," or "Round House," at St. Albans.



GLORIOUS
GREECE

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MOTOR OWNERS



A characteristic scene on the shores of the Gulf of Corinth.

IN the traveller's view it is a dull land which has no history. For history is the raw material of romance, that rich fabric which man's imagination is for ever weaving for the delight and enchantment of his mind. If, then, one may find a land which has seen civilisation upon civilisation rise, flourish and decay—amongst them that which produced in art the supreme effort of the eternal human striving after beauty, and crowned such effort with perfect achievement; a land where every prospect, while it charms or intimidates the eye, must evoke some vision of the great past, whose every yard of soil is mingled with the dust of gods and heroes—surely hither even the traveller most sated of cities and of men shall bend his steps with eagerness and zest.

Such a land is Greece. I know no country in Europe — and I have seen something of several—to which I would return more gladly and more often. It is indeed an irony of Greek travel that seldom does one come away from even a protracted sojourn without regrets over things not seen and places not visited. Topographically, Greece is of extraordinary interest and variety—but that goes without saying, for geography is the parent of history. No land of such a chequered fate as Greece throughout the long course of centuries could be in physical characteristics featureless or dull; no race capable of leaving so deep a mark upon human affairs as the Greek could be sprung from any mean territory.

It is a land of contrasts. There are mountains

that frown, valleys and plains that smile; majestic solitudes where perhaps the old Greek gods yet linger; friendly towns and gay, chattering market-places where patently the old Greek vivacity persists. And everywhere, so potent is the influence of tradition upon the human mind, one has the sense of being very close to Nature. In the land where it took shape the ancient mythology becomes (very nearly) a living creed; there are moments when it does not need an over-quick ear to detect the stamping of the shaggy god's hoof within the thicket.

* * * *

There seems to exist a fallacious idea that Greece is in some degree inaccessible. Remote from the rest of Europe, for reasons of physical geography, she certainly is, just as the many States of which the Hellenic

world in classical days was made up were kept remote from one another by boundaries imposed by Nature. But that Greece is inaccessible to the modern traveller is a quite erroneous idea. Athens can be reached as easily and comfortably as any other capital of Europe — and with far more entertainment, incidentally, from scenic beauty and interest on the way.

Perhaps the fact that Greece must be approached by sea has something to do with it. But nobody who visits England thinks twice about the Calais-Dover portion of his journey, and from Brindisi to Patras demands no more serious attention. From Patras, the busy commercial port of the western



The entrance to the Monastery of Megaspelion, a mediæval relic with its frowning background.



Greek coast, one can travel to Athens by train, the route lying along the superb Gulf of Corinth, across the famous isthmus, and so to the capital by way of Megara and Eleusis. To those who are visiting Greece for the first time, or perhaps have never previously ventured as far as the Levant, this is a journey full of fascinating surprise. It is upon a new aspect of things that the traveller looks forth. The countryside, the people working in the fields, the very colour and atmosphere of the landscape, are fresh to his eye, for not even Southern Italy, which possesses the nearest characteristics, has that distinctive and unique beauty which belongs to Greece alone. The costumes of the peasants, the lively and voluble groups at the wayside stations, the sense of near proximity to the mysterious East, so intriguing to the Western mind, which is conveyed by a hundred unfamiliar items of this new environment—all these things contribute to a composite impression which is new to his experience. There must be added the magic of great names, for he is surely an unimaginative traveller who is unmoved to find upon the itinerary of his first journey such names as Corinth, Eleusis, Athens.

If time is no particular object, and sea voyaging has no terrors, it is extraordinarily interesting to reach Athens direct by sea. Thus one may survey the coasts of Greece and realise the significance [of that title, "rugged nurse of liberty," which her ancient historian gave to her. Rounding Cape Malea one enters the Ægean Sea, and all Greece lies about one. Far away to the south-east are discernible the mountains of Crete, fit background to the weird legends of the Minotaur. Nearer to hand lie

islands small and large, and through these the steamer threads her way, following the immemorial highway of the sea along which the argosies and navies of the Greeks—ever a maritime race—have passed to and fro since the avenging host set forth to give battle on the windy plains of Troy. Presently the heights of Sunium come into view, crowned by the gleaming pillars of that ruined temple famed in Byron's verse. Upon the other side lies the island of Ægina, supreme in commerce, art and politics ere ever Athens rose. Beyond Ægina one comes over against "rocky Salamis," scene of epic strife, and so enters the Piræus, the historic port of Athens. Gone are the "long walls" which made good the defects that had otherwise marred the strategic situation of Athens, and cargo steamers, noisy of syren, fill the harbour in place of high-decked triremes. But portions of the ancient masonry which

faced the quays may still be espied by the curious who know where to look, and though the beach at Phaleron is no longer a potential landing-place to be guarded vigilantly against the foe, but the summer resort of the Athenians, where one may bathe, promenade and feast one's eyes upon the newest frocks from the Rue de la Paix, the scene remains in essentials the same that the diligent Thucydides describes.

Is there in the world another spot more worthy of a pilgrimage than the Acropolis of Athens? Its like most certainly does not exist, nor is it easy to name a place which may fitly be regarded as comparable. Modern Athens has much to offer to the visitor by way of entertainment. It has hotels which are among the very best in Europe, a charming summer climate, and social



*A view from the western wall
of the Parthenon over the
modern city of Athens.*



An impression of the Erechtheum, on the Acropolis at Athens.



Modern Athens and the Acropolis, as seen from the Stadium.

amenities which are the more delightful for the touch of uncommonness which they possess. One may bathe at Phaleron, picnic at Tatoi (the royal demesne) or Kephissia, dine out of doors by candlelight under a deep blue starry vault, and find in a merry half-hour at an open-air theatre that Attic wit can still be pungent as of yore. But inevitably it is the Athens of the great past rather than the modern capital which forms the traveller's chief lure; and although there are many monuments of classic days scattered here and there about the city, it is in the Acropolis, of course, that chief interest is centred. The majestic fragment of the Parthenon dominates all around it, as indeed it must dominate for life the memories of those who have once seen it. Was ever a relic of superb achievement more superbly placed?

Were one to write at length of the Parthenon there would be needed the combined efforts of an historian to relate, an architect to expound, and an artist to appraise the

glories of that wondrous building—so largely conceived, so massively planned, with such subtlety and infinite variety executed. Though much has gone enough remains to fill even the least susceptible with that dumb awe which every masterpiece of human genius compels.

It is magic ground, this lofty, ancient rock. So one feels, standing beneath the columns of the great fane, and surveying the ruins of those other splendid buildings which once adorned the summit. Yonder is the great mass of the imposing Propylæa, which gave access to the precinct, with the exquisite little temple of Victory perched beside it. Face about and there is the Erechtheum, graced by its matchless Caryatids, a perfect example of Ionic grace, contrasting with the Doric strength and majesty of the Parthenon. This pavement underfoot was paced by Pericles in the zenith of his power—perhaps on this very spot he stood with Pheidias to discuss the progress of the great enterprise. Walk forward to the Propylæa and look



One of the most beautiful views of the Acropolis from the Propylæa.



The ruins of Olympia, silent and mysterious under the moon.

downward over the city. At your feet, seemingly a spur or offshoot from the dominating mass upon which you are standing, is a smaller rock, with flattened top and steps cut in the side leading thereto. It is the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, and from that vantage point on which you are looking the Apostle Paul delivered his famous harangue, ironically twitting his hearers with that worship of "an unknown god" which some of their inscriptions proclaimed. "Whom then ye unknowingly worship, Him declare I unto you."

Turn now from the scene which these remembered words so vividly conjure up before the mind and walk to the further side of the Acropolis. Below, excavated in the slope of the rock, lie the rising tiers of the great Theatre of Dionysus, Sculptured fragments yet remain of the proscenium or stage, whereon were first enacted the great tragic dramas. Here Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides endured the "first night" agonies which are the fearful privilege of the play-

wright; here, at a later date, Aristophanes, prince of satirists, set the Athenians in a roar with his travesty of those same poets crying up the respective merits of their wordy wares, or forced them to laughter over the antics of Peisthetairus (perfect type of the bogus company promoter of our own day) busily exploiting his newly founded City of the Birds.

Within easy reach of Athens lies that famous plain, set in an amphitheatre of hills, where

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea."

The mound which marks the site of the battle where the hordes of the Persian invader were routed seems, in its silent testimony to the great event enacted there, to enhance the solitude which now encompasses the scene. Salamis, not less celebrated, lies also but a short distance from Athens; its rugged outline is discernible from the Acropolis.

The ideal mode of travel in Greece, in



*The Monastery of Daphne is typical of Mediæval Greece.
Within its walls lie the remains of those Frankish lords
of whom Shakespeare's "Duke of Athens" was one.*



my opinion; is on horseback, for thus one can visit parts of the country not otherwise easily penetrated, where the "tourist" is a thing unknown, and rustic life goes on but little touched by innovations from the restless world outside.

Those to whom riding does not appeal, however, will find the Greek railways of great assistance. From Athens one can go north by train to Thebes and Lake Copais, while westward is the route by way of Eleusis and Megara to the Isthmus of Corinth, and so into the Morea, or, as most of us would prefer (remembering our school days) to call it, the Peloponnesus. Eleusis, scene of the celebration of those unknown "Mysteries" which exercised so profound an influence upon religious thought in ancient Greece, is conveniently reached by train, but is more suitably approached from Athens by road. The route is that of the ancient "Sacred Way," and there are places where the latter, cut in the rock, can be seen alongside the modern road. The Monastery of Daphne lies on the Sacred Way, much shrunk from its former large estate, but an excellent example of mediæval Greece. One is apt to overlook, in the absorbing interest of early Greek history, that Greece in the Middle Ages provides only a whit less fascinating page of antiquity.

In the Morea it is possible to cover a considerable amount of ground by rail.

Corinth, of course, claims early attention, but only a fragment of one ancient Doric temple remains above ground, and though much of the ancient city has been excavated, it is the citadel — the Acro-Corinth — upon the abruptly terminating heights behind, which chiefly draws the traveller. It is a stiff climb to the summit,

but never was exertion better rewarded. This, surely, is one of the great views of the world.

On the western side of the Morea is the ancient plain of Elis and the excavated ruins of Olympia, famous as the scene, every four years, of those games which have almost become a legend.

One sees the Palæstra, or place of exercise for the boxers and wrestlers, its floor still covered with the grooved tiles on which the naked toes of the athletes gained a hold; a corner of the great Gymnasium, where the runners practised in inclement weather; the Stadium, with its limestone sills, set in the ground, marking the starting place and goal. In the midst of the city lies the great Temple of Zeus. Gone is the great statue of the god, masterpiece of the master hand of Pheidias, but the museum close at hand contains the wondrous Hermes of Praxiteles, found buried in precisely the spot where

Pausanias relates that he saw and admired it.

On the other side of the Gulf of Corinth, occupying a site that for natural grandeur is unsurpassed, lies Delphi. Vanished is the mysterious fissure in the rock whence issued the intoxicating vapour that inspired the priestess of the oracle; gone are the myriad statues and emblems which monarchs and States had dedicated to the service of this shrine, at once the religious and political hub of the Hellenic world. Some few relics survive — notably the bronze Charioteer, which ranks as one of the chief art treasures of Europe. Yet Delphi remains, of all the places in Greece that fire the imagination by reason of their great traditions and charm the eye by their natural beauty and grandeur, perhaps the most deeply impressive of all.

F. W. MARTINDALE.



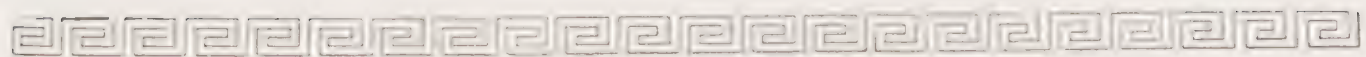
Looking from the mountain heights above Delphi across the Sacred Plain to the distant sea.



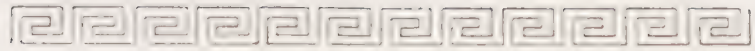
The Theatre of Dionysus, at Athens.



*A view from the Acropolis over old
Corinth to the modern town.*



Ruins at Corinth, with the Acro-Corinthus in the background.



A bronze Charioteer in the museum at Delphi. This magnificent example of Greek sculpture was the votive offering of a Prince, 2,400 years ago.

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WOULD YOU CARE TO?

GHOSTS ONE MIGHT MEET.

Some Uncanny and Seasonable Stories of the Roads and Ancient Inns.

Written and Illustrated by Clive Holland.

PERHAPS the motorist travels too fast and is too unromantic a figure to see the ghosts which are reputed to have haunted and still to haunt the great high roads and some of the ancient inns of the countryside. Who knows? It may be argued by some that just as steam has driven much of the romance off the seas, so has petrol robbed the highways and by-ways of much that was romantic and picturesque.

One of my friends, who, though a keen motorist, is a member of the Society for Psychological Research and a firm believer in ghosts, tells a strange story of one of the few ancient inns surviving along the great North Road, standing just where the latter is climbing up into the high levels ere crossing the border.

It is an inn with great traditions, but nowadays seldom stopped at by the motorist, who, having breasted the fell, is mostly too intent on pressing forward for Berwick or Carlisle to trouble about the history or romance which hangs about the almost deserted hostelry.

Here, it is said, that Bonnie Prince Charlie halted on his way south to Derby. The ghost is that of one of his Highlanders, treacherously slain by a Lowlander. The story goes that the follower of Prince Charlie captured (as so many of his kind did) the heart of a Lowland lassie, the maid of the inn. She was an ardent Jacobite, but the lad who did double duty as ostler and pot-boy was a Hanoverian. He was himself in love with Martha, and when he saw her bright eyes become brighter at the sight of the bonnie, fair-haired laddie from the north he fell a victim to jealousy.

Archie MacDonald was the servant of the younger son of his laird. He slept across the threshold of the door of the

latter's room. And there he was found on the morning, when the inn was astir with the preparations for marching south, stabbed to the heart. The ostler had disappeared. When Prince Charlie, on his ill-fated march south, had put many miles between himself and the inn the man returned. But Martha, although she could not denounce the latter because to do so would proclaim her Jacobite sympathies and lead to trouble, let him see that he was hateful to her. That first night after his return, when the potboy came along the passage, at the door of the laird's room stood Archie MacDonald. And the potboy fell insensible.

Those lucky (or unlucky) ones, who spend the night at the inn on the anniversary of the Highlander's death may see the ghost of the murdered lover of Martha. And this was the experience of my motoring friend some ten years ago when, benighted after

leaving Carlisle late on a November afternoon, and short of petrol, he halted at the inn.

"Yes, he could have a couple of rooms," said the landlord. These were prepared, fires were lit in them, and over the coffee after the slender dinner the place could provide my friend chatted with the landlord. He knew something of the history of the road, and had heard of the story of the inn.

"I've heard of the tale from my grandfather," said the landlord, "who took the inn from the Mr. Willet, who had it from his father, who had seen the Prince. My mother once saw the ghost, and my father several times; but they didn't go looking for it, so to speak. By the way, sir," the man continued, "it is about the time of year when it appears."

My friend went to bed about nine-thirty. His sister and a companion occupied the next room but one along the passage. Shortly after midnight he was awakened by a scream. He jumped out of bed, opened the door, and looked out. In the dim light (there was an oil lamp hanging on the wall) he saw a white figure on the floor, half-way down the passage. It was his sister, who had fainted. An indescribable sense of someone standing at his side and of a certain dampness struck him. He went forward and picked up his sister. Her friend had come out of their room, and the two of them carried the swooning girl and placed her in bed.

When she recovered she said: "As I came along the passage to knock on your door and see if you had anything to relieve my neuralgia, which was preventing me from sleeping, I saw a figure standing outside. It was dressed in Highlander's costume. I felt spellbound, and then I knew



The ancient bridge over which the spectral coach of the d'Urbervilles is still supposed to pass on Christmas Eve.

no more until I recovered consciousness."

My friend S— said that he himself had seen nothing when he stepped out into the passage, but had felt "as though passing through a cold, damp current of air, or being for a moment enveloped in mist."

After investigation of records—in which S— takes an interest—it was found these pointed to the date November 14th as being probably the anniversary of Archie MacDonald's death.

In olden times the great high roads, which are now scoured by swift motor cars, and resound to the Honk! Honk! of motor horns, were the routes for the mail coaches, post chaises, and stage wagons which were the only means of transport between distant parts of the Kingdom. In the 17th and early part of the 18th century these highways were the happy hunting ground of the highwaymen and footpads who infested the countryside, especially at the close of the great war with Napoleon.

Quite late in the last century there stood on the crest of a hill, a short distance off a rather desolate stretch of the Bath and Bristol Road, the remains of a famous gibbet, on which had been hung during the 17th and 18th centuries several notable gentlemen of the West of England roads and other less picturesque malefactors.

On a certain blustering night towards the end of the 18th century, when the wind and rain swept across the Tors of Devon and lashed the roads of Somerset and Gloucestershire, a wealthy merchant of Bath, so the story goes, was proceeding home from London town along the last stage of the journey. The coachman whipped up his horses to take the hill at the top of which the ancient gibbet stood, tenantless just then, as it happened, stark and clear as though cut out of black paper against the sombre sky. The coach had not proceeded far before a dark figure on horseback rode out of a gate from a field, and, taking up a position across the highway, called upon the coachman to "Stand and deliver."

A long barrelled pistol pointed at his head soon caused the coachman to pull up. The only male occupant of the coach at once thrust his head out of the window, whilst his daughter, who with a woman's intuition guessed what was happening, screamed in true maidenly fashion. The highwayman, seeing the coachman understood what was expected of him—passive resist-



An old inn said to be haunted by the ghost of a "gentleman of the road."

ance—rode up to the coach door, and with one hand raised his hat, whilst with the other he intruded upon the blustering and wrathful merchant's notice the weapon which had cowed the coachman on the box. Then, quoting an old paper of the time, "this scoundrelly highwayman proceeded forthwith to plunder the unfortunate Mr. Jarvis, notwithstanding his protests and the heartrending appeals of his equally unfortunate daughter, from whom the daring and graceless robber insisted upon stealing a kiss, much to the damsel's distress, and her worthy father's discomfiture. Which done the travellers were allowed to proceed upon their way. They reached Bath about midnight, and, after telling their story, the posse went in search of the bold robber."

He was never caught; but a poor lad, the only son of his mother, suffered for the crime. The mother and son were in very needy circumstances, and without the knowledge of his mother the lad sought to pawn in Bath a gold watch which was identified as the one taken from Mr. Jarvis. The lad's story was that he had met a gentleman on a horse a mile or so from where he and his mother lived who, on his asking charity, tossed him the watch and rode off.

The story was not, of course, believed. Someone in those days had

to be hanged for such a daring offence on so wealthy and prominent a citizen as Jarvis. There were, moreover, it is true, some suspicious circumstances. The lad had several times borrowed a neighbouring farmer's horse from the farm where he was sometimes employed. And on the night in question he had been very late home, and had not told his mother, when she enquired, where he had been. He explained this at the trial by saying that he did not want to say anything about the watch which had been given him. He meant to surprise his mother with the money he should get for it. The young lady whom the highwayman had kissed said she thought that this lad (who was about twenty but older looking) was the man. Anyway he was hanged in chains. His spectre haunts the hill. And a figure of a young man in the Sunday attire of a farm hand of the period (in which he was hanged) is said to be seen o' nights coming along the road over the crest of the hill near the gibbet, wringing its hands and gesticulating as though protesting its innocence. So often, indeed, at the end of the century, was this apparition seen that the country-folk would not pass the spot late at night unless compelled.

The victim's innocence was made manifest in a strange manner. About three months after the execution a letter from London was received by the Sheriff's Officer. In it the writer, the highwayman, said that he had only just heard of the hanging of the boy. He wished to say that justice was again (as so often, he remarked) at fault. That he had given the boy the watch, and that he respectfully regretted that he had been prevented by a hue and cry from sending a letter to state the fact.

Most of my readers will probably have read Hardy's wonderful romance *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. They will, perhaps, know the famous Elizabethan stone bridge that spans the River Frome just outside the walls of the old Manor House, at Wool, in which Tess and her husband, Angel Clare, spent their brief honeymoon. There are still living in the neighbourhood those who believe in, and some even who state that they have seen, the spectral coach of the D'Urberville family. This coach on a certain night (by some said to be Christmas Eve) can be seen or heard (according to the gifts of ghost-sensing possessed by different people) coming along the

A GHOSTLY STORY.

road from Wool to Bere and rumbling over the bridge. The legend says that the spectral coach is doomed to haunt the highway because of a murder committed in it long ago by a D'Urberville who was a rake, and no credit to the old family.

On the outskirts of a little hamlet on the great North Road stood till a few years ago a rambling old inn, portions of which dated from the time of Charles II, one wing of which was entirely disused of recent years, and had the reputation of being haunted. Why it was not pulled down no one knew, but possibly the then owner, an old man who "ran" the ancient hostelry with the assistance of a married daughter and her husband, was not enterprising enough to undertake the rebuilding that has recently taken place.

The story of this particular ghost shall be told in the words of the daughter, who was a common-sense, though not a particularly well-educated, woman of forty at the time the apparition was seen by her.

"I have only once seen the thing myself," said the woman, "although I know Dad has seen it several times, and my Tom (her husband) more'n once, both when he was courtin' me and since we've been married."

"It was like this," she went on, "I was goin' into the stable-yard one night, when I happened to look up at one of the windows, and there I saw, looking out of it, a strange man; he stared at me a moment, and then drew back into the room. When I told Dad what he was like, he said: 'It is that ghost again.' And my Tom, for a

lark, a few nights afterwards sat up in the room, out of which I had seen the figure look, with a friend, to see what would happen. About one o'clock in the morning Tom came rushing into the house, with his friend too, with his hair standing on end, and his face so scared-like that I scarcely knew him. He told me afterwards that they had been smokin' their pipes and drinkin' their pot of ale by the light of the two candles they had taken with them when the door of the room in which they sat slowly opened, and they distinctly saw a man like I had seen, dressed in clothes that my grandfather might have worn, come into the room, walk across it, and peer out of the window. Tom says that he gave a shout, and in his fright threw his mug straight at the figure, and much to his surprise, it went right through it and smashed the window, and the figure vanished."



A typical haunted heath.

As to the origin of this ghost, there was a story that two highwaymen, in the days of gentlemen of the road, had one night lodged at the inn, which bore a bad character, and was used by such people as a rendezvous, and even as a hiding-place when pursued. The highwaymen had a large amount of valuable booty upon them, and—so the story goes—sounds of quarrelling were heard in the upper chamber they occupied by the then proprietor of the place. In the morning only one of the highwaymen left the inn. The excuse he gave for the absence of his companion was that he had gone away on foot early, and was to meet him at the cross-roads a couple of miles away. The landlord became suspicious, and went to the room occupied by the highwaymen, and—so the story goes—found the dead body of the missing man in the secret chamber into which it was the practice of such gentry to retreat when the scent became too hot. Doubtless afraid of the consequences of a murder having taken place on his premises, the landlord closed the secret panel and shut up the room into which it opened; giving as a reason the presence of rats, and that the floor was unsafe through rotting. Very soon after this was done the "ghost" of the deceased highwayman made its appearance, and was accustomed to periodically re-appear until a few years ago, when the inn was pulled down.

It is not, of course, possible to say more than that the people who stated they had seen an apparition were fairly credible; but a strange confirmation of the old-time story was found when the wing of the 17th-century inn was pulled down; for within a chamber constructed in the thickness of the wall was found the skeleton of a man, on which hung tattered clothing, and between whose ribs stuck the broken blade of what was evidently the sword by which he had met his death. Amongst the fragments of clothing, in what had evidently been the pocket of his coat, lay a horse pistol manufactured by a London gunsmith, who was noted for such weapons about the period at which the tragedy was currently believed to have taken place.

In one of the Midland counties stood thirty years ago an old timbered mansion, the family owning which has since become extinct. The house was surrounded by a deep moat, and approached by a drawbridge; and it was over this drawbridge that a ghostly post-chaise was always heard and sometimes seen to rumble before the death of any member of the family. The origin of the ghost in this instance was as follows:—

Some eighty or ninety years ago the then owner of the property, a young man of some twenty-three years of age, was returning with his newly married bride after the honeymoon, when the horses attached to the post-chaise took fright at something on the top of a steep hill a few miles from the Hall, the road down which had at the bottom a deep stream crowned by a low parapeted bridge. The postboy losing control of the horses, the post-chaise leapt the parapet of the bridge, and all three occupants were drowned, their bodies being recovered early the following morning by a search party which had started out on becoming alarmed at the non-appearance of the expected bridal pair.

The brother succeeded to the estate, and on the anniversary of the death of these unfortunate young people, several of the occupants of the Hall were startled shortly after midnight by hearing the rumbling of a vehicle coming over the drawbridge, sweeping into the courtyard, and apparently stopping outside the main entrance. Springing out of bed, the then owner of the place peered out into the moonlight, but saw nothing. And within a few months this brother broke his neck hunting.

SOME POINTS ON DAIMLER UPKEEP.

By E. M. C. Instone, J.P.

Hints to Owners by a Specialist in the Make.

I FEEL duly complimented when you ask me for some "expert" advice regarding the driving and upkeep of Daimler cars—but am very dubious regarding my ability to satisfy your requirements. It is one of the privileges (or penalties, according to the point of view) of association with a modern works that one becomes so accustomed to having one's cars handed straight over from the testing department that one forgets what a tool-kit is like, so rarely are any adjustments or repairs necessary. When I look back through twenty-five years to the days when I first had the privilege of joining the Daimler company, and recollect what a hazardous task it then was to embark upon a journey from Coventry to London, the lot of the modern motorist seems unalloyed pleasure—perhaps even too unalloyed and monotonous to be properly recreative. (Some day, Mr. Editor, you must have a series of articles from those early pioneers, descriptive of their early adventures; many stories of adventure would see the light of publicity for the first time.)

To resume, I really believe that the modern Daimler is so perfected a product, and designed with such definite understanding of the work which it has to perform, that it calls for a minimum of attention to keep it always at the level of efficiency and silence at which it is turned out from the works. If the owner will see that the small amount of lubrication indicated in the Instruction Book is thoroughly and regularly performed, and an observant eye is cast over the car at the conclusion of each day's running, there will be little calling for attention between the periodical inspections by the Daimler travelling expert.

THE ENGINE.

To my mind the wonderful feature of the Daimler engine is the fact that, besides its remarkable power and silence of operation, it has the ability to run month after month and year after year with practically no adjustment—in-

deed, apart from a general supervision and occasional tightening up of the various outside accessories, the less attention it receives the better it is likely to run. It is a great gain to be free from valves and valve adjustment, and, even more, to avoid the need for decarbonising the cylinders. By a curious inversion of the usual rule, a Daimler engine usually runs *worse* after decarbonising than before (at least, for a few hundred miles), and so, don't be persuaded by some enthusiastic friend to have your cylinders dismantled just because he has acquired this habit from his motor-cycling experience.

The most that the owner need watch



Mr. E. M. C. Instone, J.P., the author of this article, has now joined Mr. Stratton and Mr. J. A. Mackle, and the firm of Stratton-Instone, Ltd., is prepared to give specialised assistance in all matters pertaining to Daimler cars.

for, so far as his engine is concerned, is to have the old oil cleaned out from the crank-case (say) every 1,000 miles. It is wrong to use paraffin to wash out the old oil; use a little clean lubricating oil for this purpose (if a very thin grade of oil is available, so much the better), afterwards draining this out as well. If paraffin is used, a comparatively large amount is bound to be left behind in the engine, in the lubrication troughs, in the oil pipes, and on the walls of the crank-case and cylinders, and this will afterwards dilute the fresh oil and considerably reduce its value.

An engine accessory which needs an occasional inspection is the sparking plug. They rarely fail in these modern days of good construction and scientifically designed insulation, but it is well to remember that easy starting is largely dependent on accurate (and uniform) setting of the plug points. But remember that the Daimler plugs are set in a recess in the cylinder heads (one of the reasons for Daimler power), and hence it is important to make certain that there are no small parts, such as plug terminals, or dirt, in the recess, ready to fall into the cylinder when the plug is removed.

GEAR CHANGING.

Gear changing is a subject on which much can be written, for, to a novice, nothing is more desirable than the ability always to engage his gears noiselessly and quickly. It is the mark of the good driver to make proper use of his gears. (How often does one see a fine car slowly labouring up a hill, with audible protest from the engine, while a smaller car, by use of its gearbox, flies past with ease?) This does not mean that, for example, every time the speedometer drops below (say) 20 miles an hour, one should change down to third speed; but certainly it means that, if there is a long hill ahead which even a short experience indicates as a difficult climb on top gear, the drop to that speed should be made while there is plenty of "way" on the

TO AVOID "DOUBLE-CLUTCHING."

car, and by this means the summit will probably be reached with the speedometer never below the "20" mark. There is something very exhilarating about a long ascent on second or third speed—a sense of power and of control which is less often apparent during an ordinary run on top gear, and the novice should never hesitate to utilise the gear-box for the purpose for which it was designed.

As to the simplest method of gear changing, I sometimes think that the novice is likely to be confused by the amount of advice and technical instruction that is printed on this subject, and thus what should be a simple and easy matter, may become a dreaded complication. The normal rule, applicable to almost all cars, is, for changing up, clutch right forward, and gear lever moved smartly over to the desired position. For changing down, keep foot on accelerator pedal, slip clutch (*i.e.*, press on pedal till engine commences to race), move lever firmly over to desired position, and then release clutch again. This is usually just as effective as, and certainly simpler than, the "double-clutching" so difficult for the novice, and except that the sudden racing of the engine may be apt to put the novice off his drive, so to speak, the method above described has all the advantages of simplicity.

GENERAL POINTS.

The petrol tank is a component which deserves, perhaps, a little more thought than it usually receives; this is apparent when we reflect that in a full year's running as much as 1,000 gallons of petrol may be poured in. Purchase petrol from a reliable source—a pump-filling outfit of the new type is very effective and saves considerable time, but it may cover a multitude of sins and some very inferior petrol. Hence, see that a strainer is used, and every six months or so have the petrol tank cleaned out, and the petrol pipes blown through. At this same time, the cleaning of the carburetter will, of course, be done. The filler cap of the petrol tank must not be screwed down more than hand tight, or else, in wet weather, there is a chance of the packing washer expanding and joining the cap in position. When leaving the car at night, it is a good plan to unscrew the filler cap a couple of turns to release the pressure and thus prevent any chance of leakage; also, in the case of a closed car this will tend to obviate petrol fumes accumulating inside the body during the night. Be sure that the cap is tightened up before attempting to pump up the pressure again.

Remember that the construction of a car which will run silently and

smoothly throughout years of use is a fine engineering achievement, and a little co-operation with the oil-can will naturally help towards the desired result. Apart from the regular points of lubrication—and there are, after all, comparatively few parts needing much attention—there are the many small controls, pins and joints which, if given a drop of oil once a month, will run free from squeak or rattle throughout the life of the car. It is one of the penalties of the silent car that a single small squeak becomes audible at once; locate all such at once and finish them off—don't allow them to accumulate.

One last point: Pay close attention to the condition of your tyres, and particularly to the pressure therein. Not only does the maintenance of the correct pressure ensure maximum life of these still expensive necessities of motoring, but the smooth running of the car is greatly improved. A soft front tyre will disturb the balance of the best steering gear, while a soft rear tyre, particularly if the load in the car is unevenly distributed, both feels and looks slovenly. After a long journey go over the tyres and pinch out the flints and stones which may have penetrated the outer covering of rubber. A little attention of this kind will be amply rewarded by the increased life of the tyres.



An up-to-date 45 h.p. Daimler Berkeley Limousine.

GOLF AND HOW TO BEAR IT.

By Captain P. A. Barron.

Some golfers have trained their eyes by striking matches with their clubs. They have done this in their drawing-rooms when their wives have been shopping. The principle of the method is to place a strike-anywhere-except-on-the-box match in the centre of the drawing-room carpet, and to attempt to ignite it by striking its head sharply with a driver.

THE popularity of golf is due to the fact that it does not require such strenuous exertion as football, but rather more than stamp collecting. Although it is played by many politicians, it should not be condemned on this account. Quite nice people play it also. The game appears to be simple. It consists of knocking a small ball from a nicely smoothed patch of grass into tall grass which renders it invisible. A search is then made for it, and if by chance it can be found the player tries to propel it into another hiding place, such as a rabbit-hole, small pond, or soft mud which buries it completely.

On some golf courses artificial hiding places are provided. These are called "bunkers," a word derived from the verb "to bunk," meaning to seek a place of security. The player hits the ball (known as the "liver pill" in the slang of the profession) from one bunker to another. At intervals small artificially made holes are provided, and if the player does not succeed in hiding his ball in other parts of the course, he endeavours to conceal it in these. As two players reach these small holes they each declare the number of times they have smitten their ball, and usually the player who has the worse memory wins. If, as sometimes happens, they both have bad memories, they declare the same number of strokes and use the technical phrase "lie as we like."

To the outsider the game does not appear to be so thrilling as some sports, such as keeping silkworms, or trying to cheat oneself at "patience." There is not much cheering, and very little conversation beyond the conventional "Oh! bad luck, sir," when a player's opponent makes a stroke; he uses a shorter and sharper expression after his own. The outsider, however, does not realise the fascinating intricacies of the game. It appears to him an easy matter to strike a ball



The system is not liked by wives, but any woman who marries a golfer deserves all she gets.

with what seems to be an inverted walking stick with a wooden or iron handle. He does not understand that generations of scientific men have devoted their lives to the production of those sticks, or golf clubs, as they are called, in order to make them the most awkward tools ever devised for any purpose. Many of these clubs seem more suitable for agricultural use, or as entrenching tools, and often players, while trying to strike a ball, only succeed in making deep excavations as if they were deliberately trying to dig themselves in.

Often one may see a player toiling in a crater he has dug, from which at every stroke he hurls forth more earth and stone. At the end of the day his body may be found lying in the grave he has dug by the side of the ball he has failed to strike. There are other clubs which are not so well adapted to excavations, as their heads are of wood instead of iron. Some of these are called drivers, and they are used for "missing," "slicing," "pulling" or "topping" balls. It is a very difficult matter to hit a ball with a driver; there is such a lot of room all round the ball.

Once I knew a rich man who wanted to learn golf in a hurry. He stole a pillow-case from his hotel, and using this as a sack he visited all the golf-mongers, golf-chandlers, or whatever the dealers call themselves, and bought all the golf balls obtainable in a large city. He hired a caddy to carry the sack and proceeded in the very early hours of the morning to the links. Then he ordered the caddy to place the balls one after the other on the tee in order that he might attack them with his driver. He found he was more successful when three or four balls were placed together in close formation, as in this way he generally got one. After two or three hours of hard work, the surrounding country looked as if there had been a sharp fall of snow, and for weeks afterwards other members of the club could always find balls at this *point d'appui*. The method has advantages, but is expensive.

Another system of learning golf is as follows. The learner takes his clubs to the lawn which adjoins his home-for-a-hero. He then selects what appears to be a suitable weapon and fixes his attention firmly on the head of a daisy. Carefully keeping his eye on the flower, he makes his strokes, replacing the clods of turf dug from the lawn at each effort. A week of such work will turn the lawn into a

A FEW TECHNICAL TERMS.

bed of daisies which appear to be growing in well-turned soil. The lawn may then be returfed, and the training may proceed.

Some golfers have trained their eyes by striking matches with their clubs. They have done this in their drawing-rooms when their wives have been shopping. The principle of the method is to place a strike-anywhere-except-on-the-box match in the centre of the drawing-room carpet, and to attempt to ignite it by striking its head sharply with a driver. The advantage is that evidence of successful shots is recorded by the holes burnt in the carpet, which may be shown to golfing friends. Also, the state of the chandelier will show if the golfer's strokes "follow through" correctly. The system is not liked by wives, but any woman who marries a golfer deserves all she gets.

Perhaps the worst method of learning golf is that of joining a densely populated club. Beginners are not welcomed as they baulk other players. A far better, and cheaper, method of attaining the social position of a golfer is to purchase a second-hand set of clubs and carry them to your office every Saturday morning. They give you a very jaunty air, and enable you to pass a pleasant afternoon and evening in Town without having to invent excuses for home consumption. On Sundays, also, the clubs often give you an excuse for escaping the rigours of home life.

I once knew an elderly gentleman who became interested in golf when he retired. He told me in confidence that he had been goaded into it by his wife, who insisted that he must take exercise. He had either to cut and roll the lawn or golf, and he thought the latter less arduous. Poor fellow! He is dead now, but I shall never forget the pathos of his expression as he told me how the declining years of his life were embittered.

Of course, if you carry golf clubs habitually when you desire to leave home, you should

learn something of the vocabulary of the sport. A great part of it is in common use. Many of the expressions are employed by Sergeants-Major and taxidivers. In addition to these, however, there are technical words which should be defined. The following information may be useful:—

CLUBS (GOLF).—A set of clubs may consist of any number, the aggregate weight of which shall not exceed 1 cwt. (the limit has been fixed by the Caddies' Union). The "driver" is a long stick with a lopsided knob at one end bound on with string. The use of the string is to prevent the knob flying too far when a beginner makes a stroke. A "niblick" is a peculiar type of spade used for throwing sand out of a bunker and for gashing the ball. A "cleek" is an iron-headed club usually employed when all the wooden ones have been broken. A "mashie" is an instrument for cutting deep furrows in turf. A "baffy" or "baffie" is used to baff—or biff—the ball.

There are also "irons," "jiggers," "brassics," "putters," "grappling irons," "flat irons," "iron fists," "fireirons," "foozleirons," and "divot irons." They are all used for cutting the turf beneath a ball, or driving the ball more firmly into the ground.

CADDY.—A caddy is a boy about sixty-five or seventy years of age who finds lost balls and sells them to their owners.

TEE.—A small, clear space in which

lady members congregate to discuss dress while other members are making their drives.

GREEN.—A bald patch of ground thickly populated by worms.

BUNKERS.—These have been adjectively described so well and so frequently that a new definition is unnecessary.

BOGEY.—The number of strokes in which you play any hole when up to your usual form.

OFF YOUR GAME.—A way of describing your form when you are beaten.

DRIVE.—The distance from the tee to the nearest bunker or dense rough.

APPROACH SHOT.—The distance from one bunker to another.

PUTT.—A short shot by which you can increase the distance between the ball and the hole.

TOPPING.—This word is not used in the ordinary slang sense. If you tell your opponent you hope he will make some topping shots, you will make yourself unpopular. He will do so, but he does not like you to express your hopes.

DRESS.—This should indicate your handicap. If this is thirty-six you may wear Guards' knickerbockers, a red coat, tartan stockings, and a check cap. If twenty-four, the red coat should be exchanged for one made of ordinary sporting tweed. If eighteen, the size of the check pattern on your cap may be modified. Graduate your attire as your play improves, and by the time you have a plus handicap

you will be able to dress like a gentleman again. The need for advertising your vocation no longer exists.

ETIQUETTE OF GOLF.—What you expect all players to do—except yourself. It obtains universally in theory, but is almost unknown in practice. Novices are expected to make their own rules.

PROFESSIONAL.—A sane golfer; he regards the sport as work and receives money for playing it.

SLICE.—An unknown force which spoils your best shots by drifting them away into the rough on your right.



Often one may see players making deep excavations as if they were deliberately trying to dig themselves in.

MANY "PROJECTS."

PARISIAN BROOKLANDS.

French motorists are determined to have a testing and racing track of their own in the vicinity of the capital, and there are good grounds to believe that one of the several schemes that have been put forward may materialise in the near future.

THE construction of an "Autodrome" for Paris is again under consideration. Anything in the way of public tests of motors, etc., in France has to be done on the highways. In the neighbourhood of Paris there is nothing nearer than Le Mans, in the Sarthe Departement, where a "triangle" of roads is used for the purpose. No matter how well prepared these roads may be for each occasion on which they are to be used, there is always the disadvantage of such a course for supreme tests owing to the sharp corners to be turned, and the stones on the roadway, to say nothing of the inconvenience of temporarily stopping the free use of the roads.

In the efforts to solve the problem in a practical way—by the construction of a "Brooklands"—there are two or three camps of adherents. One has proposed to construct a course just at the Porte de Versailles entry to Paris—on the south of the city. It was reported that a syndicate had bought the necessary ground and made up the finances for the project. It was to be longer than Brooklands, about $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles round altogether, and having the two "straights" of a mile and a half each in length. The end-turns would consequently be about a mile each nearly. It was to be made of a foundation of concrete paved over with bricks and these in turn covered with a bed of cement, varying in this latter respect from the brick course of Indianapolis, which has a "run-round" of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Another proposition which has the support of the principal French Automobile Club is for a three-mile course arranged in the form of a figure "8," prepared as usual with concrete but superposed by granite setts. The promoters of this plan appear to favour a locality some distance out of Paris—Juvisy, 12 or 15 miles to the south, or Villejuif, about 5 miles out. Or again

Gagny, an eastern suburb, fairly accessible both by train and tramways.

The preference for a track in the vicinity is supported by the fact that 70 per cent. of the motor factories are in close proximity to Paris, and these are also the makers of about 80 per cent. of all French cars produced. But in order to appreciate fully the preference for a Paris locality, it must be remembered that such a situation would be favourable for visitors to all the big public events which would be organised on the track. The utility of the track for trials to be made by the manufacturers of new models, etc.—a point which has been very strongly emphasised in all the discussions as to sites—will supply "a long felt want" undoubtedly.

Leaving the general question of locality on one side, the Paris *Auto* considers the following to be essential conditions for an autodrome.

1. Not half an hour journey from the centre of the city, with a return fare of not over 1 franc.
2. Entrance charge not to exceed 4 francs.
3. Restaurants for meals at same prices as in Paris.
4. Spectators to be able to see a

large part of the course and to be under cover.

5. Numbered seats for visitors willing to pay the higher prices, and garages for their cars.

6. Curves of the course to be sufficiently large to permit high speeds, and the straight run to be for at least 4 or 5 miles.

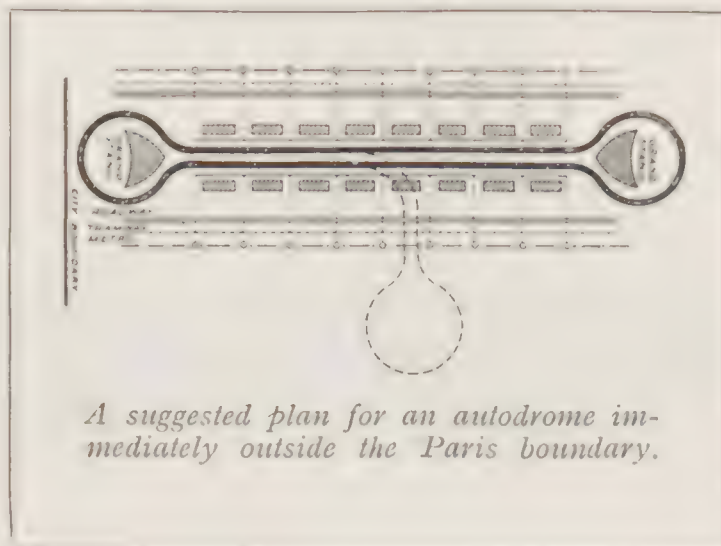
7. The course at all times to be inaccessible to the public.

The triangle and circular courses are considered to be unsuitable and the *Auto* gives a new plan. They would lay out the course in a straight, or almost straight, line at right angles to the city periphery, and in the immediate vicinity of Paris, as shown by the sketch below.

The two end circles might be 220 yards diameter and the main course 30 yards wide—eleven yards for each track and eight yards between. The course would be situated between two of the city "gates" from which parallel lines would run—Metro, tramways, and public roadway—on each side of the course. Stations along these routes would form "sections," each of which would have its subway to its separate grand stand, refreshment buffet, information boards, petrol supply, ambulance, etc., with suitable tickets for entry to the section, so that overcrowding would be avoided.

In the event of sufficient ground for a long straight course not being obtainable a "bend" of large radius might be formed and the "straight" run in two parts at right angles to each other. There are many evident advantages in the proposed plan without filling the sketch with numerous details, but if we complete it by a "pari-mutuel" we shall have the ideal Parisian Autodrome.

E. D.





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THE ANOMALIES OF TO-DAY.

W A N T E D : A N E W L O N D O N .

By Robert W. Beare.

The traffic problem as it exists at present has grown upon us—it has become steadily worse day by day almost without our noticing it. But the situation is rapidly getting altogether impossible, and the time is come when drastic action is urgently necessary.

LONDON is a wonderful city from many points of view, but it is archaic. That it is not the only city in the world in which the character and quantity of the traffic has far outgrown the capacity of its streets is small consolation. London's lack in this respect is a commercial catastrophe. It is a hindrance to that expansion which the comparative perfection of the motor vehicle in its various forms would otherwise make possible. Many are the great business houses and small tradesmen who have realised the immense advantage of mechanical transport, only to find that about 75 per cent. of the capabilities of their vehicles are wasted owing to the congestion of the streets.

A virulent disease calls for a drastic remedy; and while it is not possible to build a new London, surely the old one may be improved by a little judicious surgical treatment, to a reasonable extent. The great east-to-west artery—Oxford Street, Holborn, Newgate Street, Cheapside and the Bank—is probably the worst example of congestion on account of its continuity; but Fleet Street and the Strand, Waterloo Bridge, the Queen Victoria Street and New Bridge Street crossing, and many other similar points and thoroughfares are in urgent need of heroic treatment. The journey from Covent Garden to Gracechurch Street occupied one hour and three-quarters of our time on one occasion, and from Fetter Lane to the Marble Arch exactly half an hour on another. There appeared to be nothing exceptional about these experiences; and it was quite obvious that the use of a motor car was a waste of time, money and brain tissue. One could have walked in less time and with less fatigue. Not to labour a point which is self-evident and familiar to every Londoner, one may sum up by saying that the present state of things is absurd in the London of 1922.

Progress is the watchword of this generation. One may no longer use

in business the methods that were customary a quarter of a century ago. We use loose-leaf ledgers and card indexes; we travel by rapid electric tube to our homes in the country in less time than it used to take us to go by horse-bus to Brixton or Canonbury, and yet on the surface in London it takes us seven times as long as it should to move from point to point.

There are two reasons for the growing congestion. One is the sheer inadequacy of the streets in the matter of width, and the other is the mixing of traffic of widely differing degrees of speed. Again, although a private car halted at the kerb-side would most likely be moved on by the police, heavy wagons seem at liberty to load and unload, thereby reducing the already insufficient width of the roadway. We all know the effect of this, but let us for a moment consider the original and progressive causes that bring about the effect.

Imagine Oxford Street, with central refuges and cab ranks cutting the street clean in halves. Between the kerb and the cab rank is, approximately, room for three vehicles to run abreast; and on the roadway is a litter of vehicles ranging from horse-drawn wagons of all sizes, steam refuse carts, lorries, light motor delivery vans, motor 'buses and taxis, right up to the largest of touring cars. Along the kerb there is a more or less continuous line of stationary vehicles. A 'bus pulls up; the driver cannot get right in to the side, and half the available roadway remaining is occupied. Behind is possibly a brewers' dray. This pulls out around the 'bus, and occupies the remainder of the road. Perhaps the 'bus gets away again quickly before the dray has passed it, in which case taxis and some few bolder car drivers cut into the space behind the 'bus. One late one chances it—he either rushes through at the risk of being pinched by the dray or "pinched" by the police for endangering pedestrians; or he slows down and by boring to the right tries to pass to

the off-side of the dray, only to find that a taxi is turning off the rank at that moment. And probably in this space of time the crawling traffic has reached Oxford Circus or Tottenham Court Road, and the whole lot is held up to let north and south traffic through.

This irritating and quite haphazard mode of progression is general anywhere in London; less and less attention appears to be paid by motor drivers—and especially taxi-men—to the rule forbidding the overtaking of other vehicles (other than tramcars) on the near side, and very little effort is made by the drivers of slow vehicles to keep in as close as possible to allow faster vehicles to proceed with a minimum of delay. Probably the worst offenders in this respect are the drivers of big lorries; these vehicles are just sufficiently fast to be difficult to overtake; they are sufficiently big to shut out all vestige of a view, and, considering themselves to be "fast" traffic, they consistently occupy the extreme right-hand track.

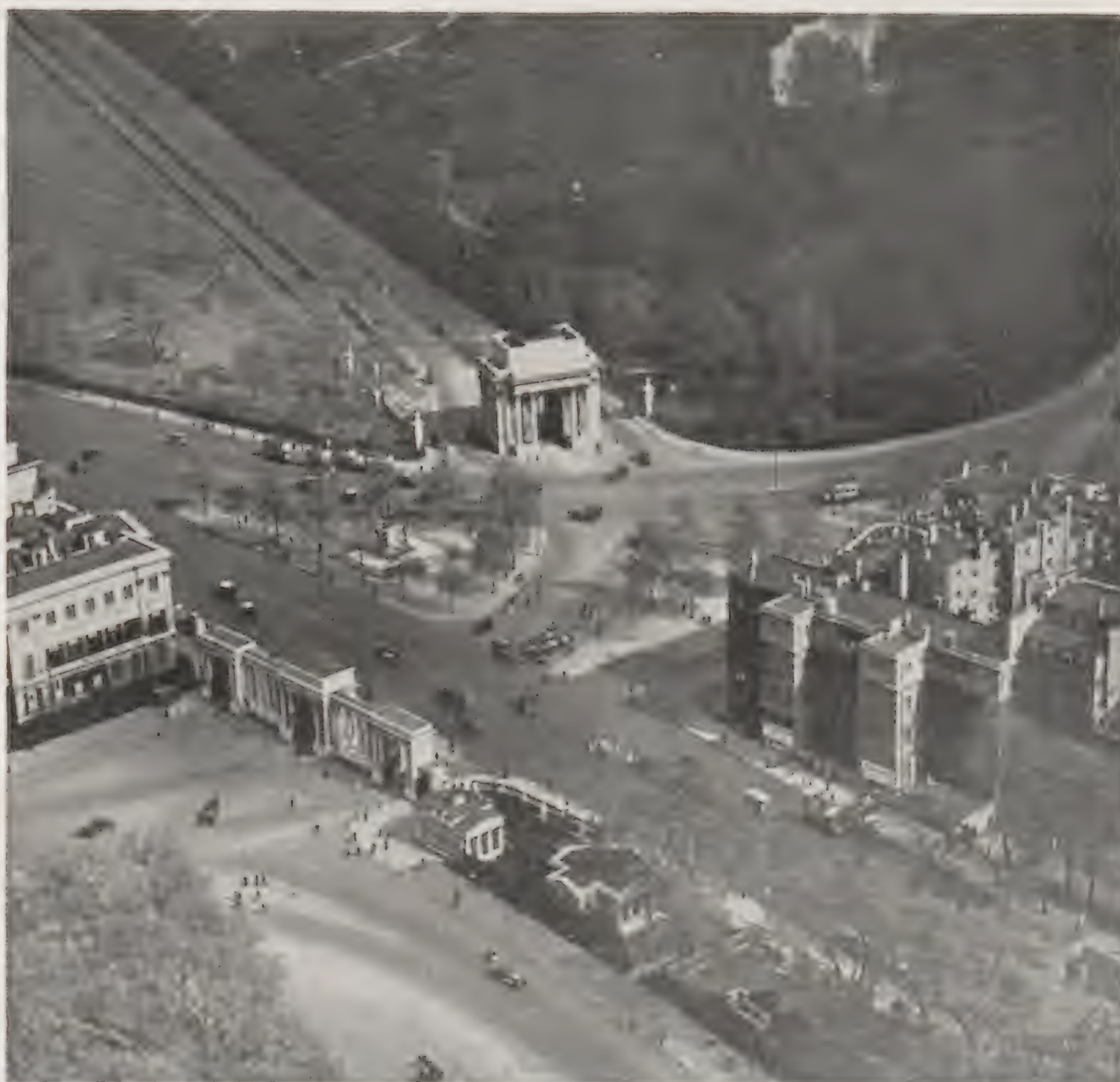
We must not fall into the error of regarding the passenger car as the most important vehicle on the road, just because we individually and as a journal are mainly concerned with it. At the same time, it is more and more largely used for business purposes, and consequently has claims which, as a mere pleasure car, could not be allowed. As a matter of fact, however, its pace is limited to that of a lorry; it is faster than a motor 'bus only because the latter has to stop to pick up or set down its passengers.

This, however, is not the main cause for complaint—the complaint is that *all* motor traffic is kept down to a point far below its normal and reasonable speed by stationary vehicles at the kerb side and by the mixture of slow and fast traffic on the same narrow roadway.

Oxford Street, again to take this great main thoroughfare as a fair sample both as to width and congestion, may be likened to a water or

A N E X A M P L E T O . T H E W O R L D —

*The Hyde Park Corner crossing is one of the best regulated spots in London.
In this photograph the roads look comparatively peaceful, but actually an enormous
amount of traffic passes this point daily. And there is never any confusion.*



— AND A SPECIMEN OF CONGESTION.

Oxford Street, on the other hand, has to carry a greater amount of traffic than its capacity will bear. The congestion has got beyond the point where police regulation is of much service. But cannot some of the parallel roads seen in this photograph be used to relieve the main thoroughfare?



LIMITATIONS OF TRAFFIC CONTROL.

gas main. If the demand for water on a certain main became too great for the capacity of the main, either a new line of greater diameter would be laid or more water would be forced through at a higher pressure. We can let the simile go at that, as we do not happen to be hydraulic engineers and may quite easily fall into some technical error. The great idea, however, seems to be to get the requisite quantity of gas, water—or traffic—through the pipe—or street—in a given space of time; and the greater the demand or the greater the congestion, the faster it must be made to go. In the case of a water main, if there were any suspicion of obstruction in the pipe itself, that obstruction would be very quickly removed. In regard to traffic, there is no *suspicion*; it is very obvious that slow vehicles do obstruct the free flow. Therefore, since we cannot put down new mains—main thoroughfares, that is—the obstructions must be removed by setting aside alternative routes for different types of vehicles. Oxford Street should not have upon its surface a single horse-drawn vehicle after, say, eight o'clock in the morning. Look at the aerial view of the street reproduced on page 27; there appear to be several parallel roads on either side of it which, with a certain amount of alteration, would serve for slow traffic. Or, on the other hand, one might limit the use of Oxford Street to slow traffic and public service vehicles, and turn the faster traffic on to the several alternative routes.

Traffic control, as we understand it, and as it is now in operation, is insufficient. Regular routes for the various classes of traffic must

We will not attempt to go more deeply into this problem, and yet we cannot be accused of indulging in mere destructive criticism. There is the basis of a scheme for the improvement of traffic conditions in this idea of parallel alternative routes, but in the process of working it out to practical completion many incidental problems, requiring expert knowledge on a variety of subjects, would arise. It is a job for a committee or a Government Department; but it is a job that must be done—and done soon. The desire of the great automobile industry is to sell more and yet more cars; the use of industrial vehicles increases day by day; and it is to the advantage of the nation that these things should be. But in the meantime the congestion gets steadily worse.

The suggestion has been made that improved traffic control might have some effect, but we feel that any such effect would be very limited and almost entirely local in its action. There is room for improvement at

the intersection of Wellington Street and the Strand, where Aldwych and Catherine Street add their quota to the general congestion. The traffic at this point is probably as heavy as at any other similar place in town, and control there is an awkward problem. It appears to us, however, that the police hold up the traffic for periods of too long duration. Control at Trafalgar Square is poor, and often non-existent; and the Bank, although the police ably perform their part, is frankly an impossible proposition.

The suggestion that so far as possible at these important intersections the traffic should be directed in a continuous circular stream, with subways or bridges for pedestrians, seems to be a good one, but, as we said, the effect would be little more than local.

The fact of the matter—and it has simply got to be recognised—is that not one main street in London—unless it be the new Kingsway—is sufficiently broad for the traffic it has to carry.

The vehicles must be thinned out, and various classes apportioned to certain distinct routes. To-day, no driver of a car or taxi with any sense who wished to get from Marble Arch to Regent Street would use Oxford Street itself—he would turn either into the Park or down Park Lane and cut through Grosvenor Street and Square, across New Bond Street and through Maddox Street. Surely the example is a good one, and capable of extension?

be mapped out. Short of actual street reconstruction, this is the only method that promises real improvement of conditions.



The advantage of circular traffic progression at such open spaces as Piccadilly Circus, of which an aerial view is reproduced above, has already been stated in THE MOTOR-OWNER. This, however, would not provide a complete solution of the traffic problem.

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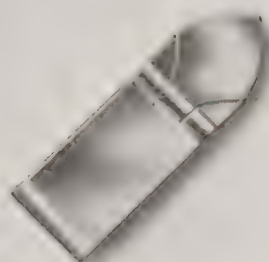
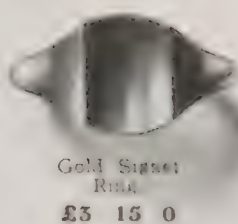
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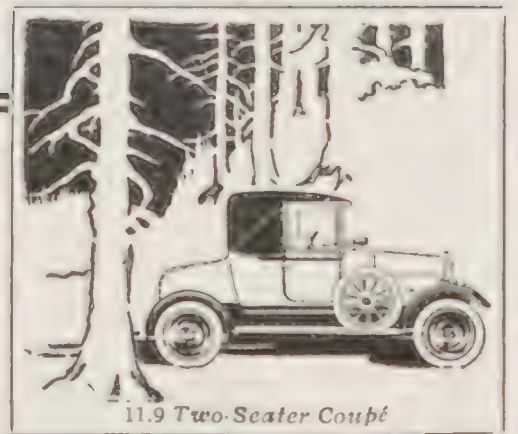


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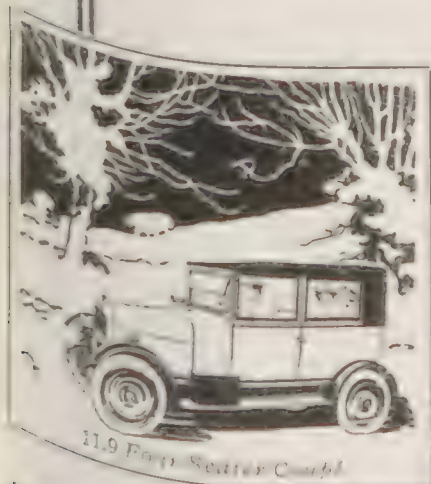
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SUMMARY OF TRIAL

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Hartford Bridge Flats: Very strong south wind. Hood and near side curtain put up: Comfort.

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Chard Hill: Non-Stop. Wonderful climb for small engine and big load.

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Can the Lagonda lay claim to this distinction?

A CLAIM as to originality is always rather dangerous to make unless one is very sure of one's facts, and we may as well admit at once that in regard to the Lagonda we are by no means certain. So far as our recollection goes, the standard body of the two-seater of this make has been for many years of the coupé variety; and as the various models with this coachwork have always sold for about the average price of an ordinary touring two-seater, it does not seem a very great stretch of the imagination to give the Lagonda credit for originating the all-weather body idea.

This car has always been a most attractive proposition, both mechanically and from the standpoint of price. In the old, reasonable, pre-war days, for instance, the price was £150—and even in those days this figure was very low indeed for a comfortable four-cylinder car, quite apart from the question of the luxurious coachwork fitted. The first 6 h.p. Rovers, it may be remembered, were considered wonderful value at £100—or was it guineas?—and undoubtedly they were. But these cars had single-cylinder engines and the standard open coachwork of the times, and they were of but 6 h.p. The Lagonda at £150 was 11.9 h.p., had a four-cylinder engine—and a coupé body! So the greater the credit one gave the Rover car of those days, the greater was the credit to which the Lagonda was entitled.

Except for the mechanical progress common to all cars

in the interval, the Lagonda of to-day is much the same as earlier specimens. It is still 11.9 h.p., although the cylinder dimensions have been changed slightly; still has remarkably simple, effective and well-finished coupé coachwork, and offers perhaps even better value than it did in old days. The price, £395, is a trifle more than double the old figure; but it now includes all accessories, such as electric lighting and starting and an electric horn, as well as a complete set of five lamps and, of course, all the usual tools, whereas in pre-war days we imagine that the common custom of charging extra for a great part of the equipment was followed. Taking it all in all, there is no doubt that the 1922 Lagonda is rather ahead of than behind its predecessors in the matter of value.

For some reason one does not expect a great deal from a coupé, especially of the light car variety, but during a recent run on a Lagonda we found that

there is no need to be modest in one's demands upon the engine. We found the car to be an altogether remarkable hill-climber, both on top and second gears; in fact, the hill that would make it labour on the latter was not on our route, and we should imagine that a gradient quite out of the ordinary would be required to bring the car down to first speed. The engine is as lively as they make 'em, and reasonably silent withal—sufficiently so to make the car a thoroughly luxurious little vehicle, even with the body completely closed.

We found the car delightful to handle in every respect but one—for our requirements the steering pillar might have had a little more rake and the wheel a slightly greater diameter. These things, however, are largely matters of personal taste, and in any case, the rake is doubtless adjustable to suit each individual. So far as the actual operation of the steering, brakes, clutch and accelerator were

concerned, we found nothing capable of improvement. The suspension, a special Lagonda feature, with a single transverse front and a pair of quarter elliptic rear springs, is excellent, neither large nor small road shocks being transmitted to the passengers.

We were rather amazed to discover, by the way, on returning the coupé to the Lagonda works, that the price of £395 is common to both models, the other being a four-seater with a most efficient all-weather equipment, and offering even better value than its smaller stable companion.



A Standard 11.9 h.p. Lagonda Coupé.

THE CROWN OF THE FENLAND.

*Ely the stately,
Shining a landmark
O'er the broad water ;
Gold-white in sunrise,
Gold-red in sunset,*

*Tower of the Lord God—
God everlasting,
Dreaming o'er fenland, o'er moor-
land, o'er upland
All through the ages.*

THUS sang a local poet, not so many years ago, about this most wonderful of places, the Cathedral of Ely, with its hallowed associations going right back to the dim dawn of our island story.

As we speed along the flat highways, whether it be from Cambridge or from King's Lynn or from Newmarket, an effort of the imagination is demanded if we would picture the state of things which prevailed in this strange corner of England down to the period of the great Civil War.

All those sheets of waving corn, the peculiar glory of the Fenland, were represented by a great mass of marsh and mere and seamed by waterways, most of them known only to the practised few. It is easy to see how the redoubtable Hereward managed to hold out year after year in this impregnable, natural fortress against the armies of William the Conqueror.

But all this has vanished and gone.

A mighty drainage scheme was set on foot in the middle of the seventeenth century by the Dutchman Cornelius Vermuyden, and a band of men who came to be known as "The Adventurers." They did well for themselves and their descendants, for the reclaimed country, as a result of their labours, soon began to yield up colossal fortunes to the privileged possessors.

The Fenland, then, has undergone a veritable transformation since that delightful Saxon Princess, St. Etheldreda, or St. Awdry, as we like to style her to-day, set up here on Ely's Isle her house of religion, the germ from which this mightiest of fabrics was destined to spring. The great church so closely associated with her memory has survived down to our own times. It is comparatively unspoilt moreover, if you except the appalling stained glass which the nineteenth century inflicted upon it with more zeal than

discretion. With one notable exception (the Lady Chapel), Ely Cathedral suffered comparatively little from the assaults of sixteenth-century Reformer and seventeenth-century Puritan, while the modern restoration was effected with reverent and loving care.

The cathedral is the dominating object for miles round. It casts its long shadow upon almost every nook and cranny of the Fenland. From Newmarket Heath it stands up grandly imposing, suggesting a picturesquely built man-of-war (if you could ever call such a thing picturesque). As we draw nearer we perceive that it stands upon what is for all practical purposes a hill in that flattest of flat regions. True, the cathedral and the tiny city which nestles beneath it rise only a bare fifty feet above the level of the sea, but this altitude, slight though it be, is sufficient in the low-lying fens to convey an impression of extraordinary dignity. The most striking approach



The Cuckoo Bridge, Ely.

ANCIENT ASSOCIATIONS.

to Ely is without doubt from the east, and for my own part I know no grander effect than that which this almost enchanted city conveys to the eye—a moving panorama, so to speak, as you are swept along from March or King's Lynn or Norwich. The great pile almost resembles one of the ruined castles on the Rhine. Not even Durham on its rock or Lincoln on its hill creates a deeper impression.

Ely Cathedral has been the slow growth of ages. The humble building in which Queen Etheldreda and her band of nuns lived and worked and prayed must have disappeared not later than the time of the Norman Conquest, though a Saxon Cross said to date from somewhere about the eighth century is still preserved in the nave as a record of that distant age.

But it was from a grand old Norman abbot, Simeon by name, the uncle of William the Conqueror, that the cathedral received the impulse which ended in its becoming one of the very stateliest of our English fanes. This remarkable old man, whose brother, by the way, was engaged in carrying out a similar work of construction at Winchester, actually had the pluck to commence operations at the extraordinary age of ninety. He planned his foundations on noble and spacious lines. He knew that with his own eyes he would never see the end thereof, but he had the faith to believe

that posterity would respect the magnitude of his conception and adapt itself thereto. We of to-day cannot but realise that Abbot Simeon's faith was abundantly justified.

During the latter eleventh and twelfth centuries, then, a great Norman building came into existence upon the Isle of Ely. By the time they were ready to set about the erection of the nave the more rugged type of Romanesque architecture had melted into that graceful and slender variety known as Transitional. Thus, in this great constructive effort of the later Norman builders which it took something like seventy or eighty years to achieve, we have a building of such extraordinary grace that it seems to fascinate the eye more and more each time one gazes upon it.

Then, during the first half of the wonderful thirteenth century, a great bishop made his appearance, Hugh of Northwold by name. He came from a neighbouring church, the Abbey of Bury-St.-Edmund's, with its architecture of unsurpassed beauty, and he added those six delicate bays with their wondrous lancet windows at the east end of the Choir. Northwold's work was finished by the year 1252, and a solemn ceremonial took place in commemoration of his achievement which was graced by the presence of Henry III. himself, that munificent patron of the fine arts.

But ere another century passed away a terrible catastrophe occurred. The late Bishop Creighton remarked, somewhere or other, that whenever you enter a strange building you ought to enquire when the central tower came down. This all-too-frequent tragedy took place at Ely in the year 1321, not without warning, and great must have been the fall thereof.

But a veritable genius was at hand in the Sacrist, Alan de Walsingham. The monastery was enjoying a period of great financial prosperity, and seated upon the episcopal throne was John Hotham, a man of great energy and public spirit. For thirty years, or nearly that period, did they labour, and before the first half of the fourteenth century had drawn to its close the Crown of the Fenland was complete. Genius had triumphed over failure. The catastrophe of 1321 had given to Alan de Walsingham, "the flower of craftsmen," the unrivalled opportunity of erecting that mighty octagon with its superimposed lantern, which has served to make the Church of Ely unique for all time.

Other builders came and went. John of Wisbech, in that same century, built the Lady Chapel, with its wealth of statuary, which fell a victim to the mistaken zeal of the Reformers. Pugin once remarked that the sum of £100,000 might go part of the way towards restoring it!



Ely Cathedral, from the Ouse.

A N E L E M E N T A R Y L E S S O N .

The story of an essay which did, and some essays which did not, come off.

THE dainty little pucker above Phyllis's sea-grey eyes emulated the frog in the fable. I began to fear that the earnest young student who so irresistibly attracted me would distress herself.

"What on earth are they?" she asked, pouting. "Jack's always talking about their not sitting properly. It sounds as if they were supposed to hatch eggs!"

"Valves——" I was beginning, with my wise air.

"Do they?" my companion insisted.

"——are those portions of the mechanism which control the ingress and ——"

The dark-haired young lady became petulant. "Essays, my dear Freddie, are bought nowadays at a shilling the volume," she observed, with surprising irrelevance.

Not quite certain what the girl meant—I'm often like that with her—I paused.

I went on pausing. She went on speaking.

"Imagine you're talking to a child ——" she concluded.

"That's quite easy," I interjected readily.

For some reason the girl seemed ruffled. "Oh!" she said in a tone that left me speculating.

Then her dimples hurried home again.

"The kindergarten method is said to be very instructive," she observed with a dangerously downcast eye.

I fell into the trap. For all that she is only twenty-two, demure and slim, she has the reins on me every time.

"Well, imagine a little round thing like a penny stuck on to a piece of lead pencil——"

I broke off fearing I had rushed her along too fast. But her wits seemed quite able to grasp my meaning. "Go on," she urged, with a brow that was perfectly unruffled.

"The pencil works up and down in a hole and keeps the val—the—er—

penny—where it ought to be—you follow?"

"I don't," she said flatly. "I've never yet met a man who could keep money like that!"

"Not married men, perhaps." I emphasised the adjective, rather unwisely, as I saw when too late.

The girl, whose eyes held an odd witchery, tossed her head. "You're only the half part of a man—if you believe Shakespeare," she exclaimed with dainty malice. "I don't believe that valve *would* do as you say. But go on. Let me have my ha'penny-worth."

"A valve is nothing but a tap," I continued in studiously academic tones. "You know how that works?"

Phyllis left me in no doubt; I continued hurriedly.

"When you want the engine to go you open the throttle—that's another tap—and so the petrol rushes along with a lot of air up a pipe to the engine. That clear?"

The girl indicated that she saw bright daylight, and I explained how valves open and close. The rough—very rough—sketches by the best of THE MOTOR-OWNER artists (which ought to be somewhere on this page if he's not too lazy)* helped her quite a lot.

"I see. At the proper time this penny sort of thing rises and lets the gas in," she repeated. "Then this spring shuts it and bottles the gas up. But—but how does the dead gas get out? Oh! through another valve. Of course! You can't use the same one for both—I quite see that!"

I felt relieved. Phyllis looks very pretty when she is pleased.

"There are other sorts of valves in some cars, though," I supplemented. "The kind we've talked about is called the poppet. The others are single or double sleeves, and——"

Phyllis looked suddenly interested. "Sleeves! Oh, do tell me about them, Freddie!" she commanded.

"Well, they're inside the cylinder;

round, you know, with holes in them; it's like one jam jar inside another. And they move up and down just as your sleeve does on your arm."

My intended experiment was frustrated. The elusive young lady had not glanced at me, but her arm was not where I had expected.

"I quite understand," she murmured coolly.

"In some engines, like the Argyll," I continued imperturbably, "the sleeves are single, but——"

"Poor things!" came a soft whisper.

"——in others there are a couple—the Daimler, for instance."

The girl regarded me oddly. "Double harness?" she said, with an intonation that puzzled me.

I was wondering what was in her mind when she cut through my thoughts with characteristic directness.

"Which sort is the better?" she queried, with the air of an innocent country cousin questioning an elderly—well, a hardly middle-aged curate cousin.

"That's on the knees of the gods," I affirmed, thanking my classical education for extricating me from a delicate situation.

"On the knees! Is that—nice?" Phyllis enquired, with lowered lashes. "Suppose you try," I exclaimed, in my usual accommodating manner.

She flashed me a tantalising glance.

"Interesting experiences are, I consider, part of an expensive education," she said demurely.

I moved a little closer. She rose and poised herself lightly on her toes. She held her gaze averted, directed through the window.

Expectantly I eased my trousers at the knees. I was about to reach out for those dainty wrists when she quivered.

A swiftly approaching whirr stirred her to speech. "Why, here's Jack in his car! How lucky he's come just now! Come along, Freddie. We'll test your theory in his Daimler!"

* He is!—Best M.-O. Artist.

SEEING THINGS FOR OURSELVES.

G R E A T M O T O R I N D U S T R I E S .

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LIMITED.

"The Motor-Owner" investigates the claims made for "the Economy Car."

ONCE, or perhaps twice, on a time most of us have heard the story of the man who had a wonderful mascot. In appearance it was a sub-species of Billiken with a slight congenital resemblance to an Ornithorhynchus.

He claimed that when it was placed on any car its benevolent efficiency was so high that it could prevent punctures, increase the mileage of tyres, reduce petrol consumption, and make hotel proprietors modify their charges.

Motoring with this Billithorhynchus mascot was undiluted joy.

But one day the bringer of luck failed. The motorist had a series of mishaps which caused his temper to become badly frayed. The climax was reached when after a puncture he fitted his only spare wheel the tyre of which burst on a vast moor.

Then the motorist, exasperated to fury, wrenched the mascot from the radiator, showed it the rent in the tyre, and shouted, "Now see what you've done, you combustible idiot."

It is a sad and human story, and we feel that it must be true.

The motorist's instinct was sound. He wanted the mascot to see things for himself.

From that little story we have drawn a moral. We, also, like to see things for ourselves. THE MOTOR-OWNER wishes to be regarded as *your* mascot, handsomer than the one instanced, and never failing. If we bring our readers good luck it is because we know their troubles and

endeavour to show how they may be avoided.

We believe in seeing things ourselves, in testing the claims of car manufacturers and collecting hard facts.

Now, recently we have heard a great deal about a car known as the Overland. It appeared to us that some of the claims made for it are almost too good to be true. It is described as "The Economy Car," and it is said that the five-seater, 18.2 h.p. Manchester Model-de-luxe touring car, which is priced at £440, will travel 30 miles on a gallon of petrol. Incidentally, it may be remarked that a "standard model" is sold at £375.

Further, it is claimed that the car is

British built, according to British ideas.

It is worth while for a moment to consider what these claims mean. Briefly, we are offered a car fully equipped with self-starting and lighting systems, an engine of approximately 20 h.p., and a five-seater body, at a price not far removed from those asked for the very popular two-seaters of about 10 h.p.

The motorist who wishes to be economical is likely to say, "Ah! But these larger cars are always petrol drunkards. You are lucky if you get much over eighteen miles to the gallon, whereas with the little cars. . . ." etc., etc. Then may follow figures in direct ratio to the square of the listener's credulity. . . .

Galloping consumption is, however, not a disease from which all large cars suffer. But the special claims made for the Overland seemed to need investigation. Therefore, we travelled recently to the great works at Heaton Chapel, Manchester.

In reply to the doubts we expressed we were first shown a Certificate of Performance, of the Standard Model, issued under the open competition rules of the R.A.C. This was with respect to a consumption and reliability trial made on Brooklands Track. The car ran for seven hours per day for six days. It had been arranged for the purposes of the test that the speed should be thirty miles per hour, but this was exceeded slightly. The actual distance covered was 1262.48 miles, and



The translation of the term "mass production" from theory into reality—a single day's output of Overland cars outside the Heaton Chapel factory. Even in England, with such enterprise as that of the Willys Overland Crossley in active operation, we are beginning to understand the meaning.

AN OFFICIAL TRIAL

the official report on the fuel consumption showed that it was at the rate of 33.47 miles per gallon. The oil consumption was 1454.4 miles per gallon.

There were no involuntary stops during the six days and no adjustments or repairs were made.

It appears, therefore, that the makers have understated their case.

Many private owners of the cars have given their evidence. The writers of these letters say that their petrol mileage averages are from 33 up to 40½.

The company, knowing the difference that exists between drivers, do not give a guarantee that these figures will be attained by all, but they ask owners of their cars which travel less than 30 m.p.g. to consult them or their agents.

Being satisfied that so far the claims made for "The Economy Car" had been justified, we asked permission to inspect the works in order that we might see every process of manufacture.

It is not easy to describe the vast buildings. Our first impression was that they are built on a more magnificent scale than any we have seen. The great shops beneath unnumbered acres of glass roofing

resemble brand-new exhibition buildings made especially spick and span for a private view. The impression is that Olympia might be tucked away among these buildings and forgotten. The cleanliness and real beauty of the colossal workshops are the most remarkable features. We are accustomed to shops that have grown slowly, that have many extensions built in different styles, and mostly dingy.

These are a series of Crystal Palaces. We should not have been much surprised to see fountains and statuary, and decorative palms. It was quite natural to find in one of the buildings a badminton court for the recreation of the workers, and to find elsewhere a large stock of Chinese lanterns which are used to give a festive appearance to one of the halls when the company entertain guests.

The secret of the newness and perfection of the works is understood when it is explained that they were only completed in 1918. They were built by the Government as the National Aircraft Factory No. 4, and have been described by Lord Weir as the finest factory in Britain.

Here were built the big D.H. 9 and D.H.10 bombing aeroplanes which were among the most useful machines

of their type built during the latter stages of the war.

All the experience gained in the erection of national factories was utilised in the production of these magnificent buildings, which have mechanical equipment, heating, lighting, and ventilating systems as near perfection as anything of their kind in the world to-day.

The works are at Heaton Chapel, some miles outside Manchester, and are situated among large open spaces of green country. It is in these palaces of industry that the Overland cars are made.

We say "made" advisedly, because it may be necessary to correct an impression that the car is of American manufacture and is merely fitted with a British body.

These are the facts as we have seen them :

The engines, of unit design with their gearboxes, are received from the Willys Overland works at Toledo Ohio, U.S.A., which have produced a total output of about 600,000 cars. These power units arrive in this country complete with the exception of the magneto, which is fitted here. This is of British manufacture, and the type that has been chosen is the B.T.-H. (Continued on Page 39.)



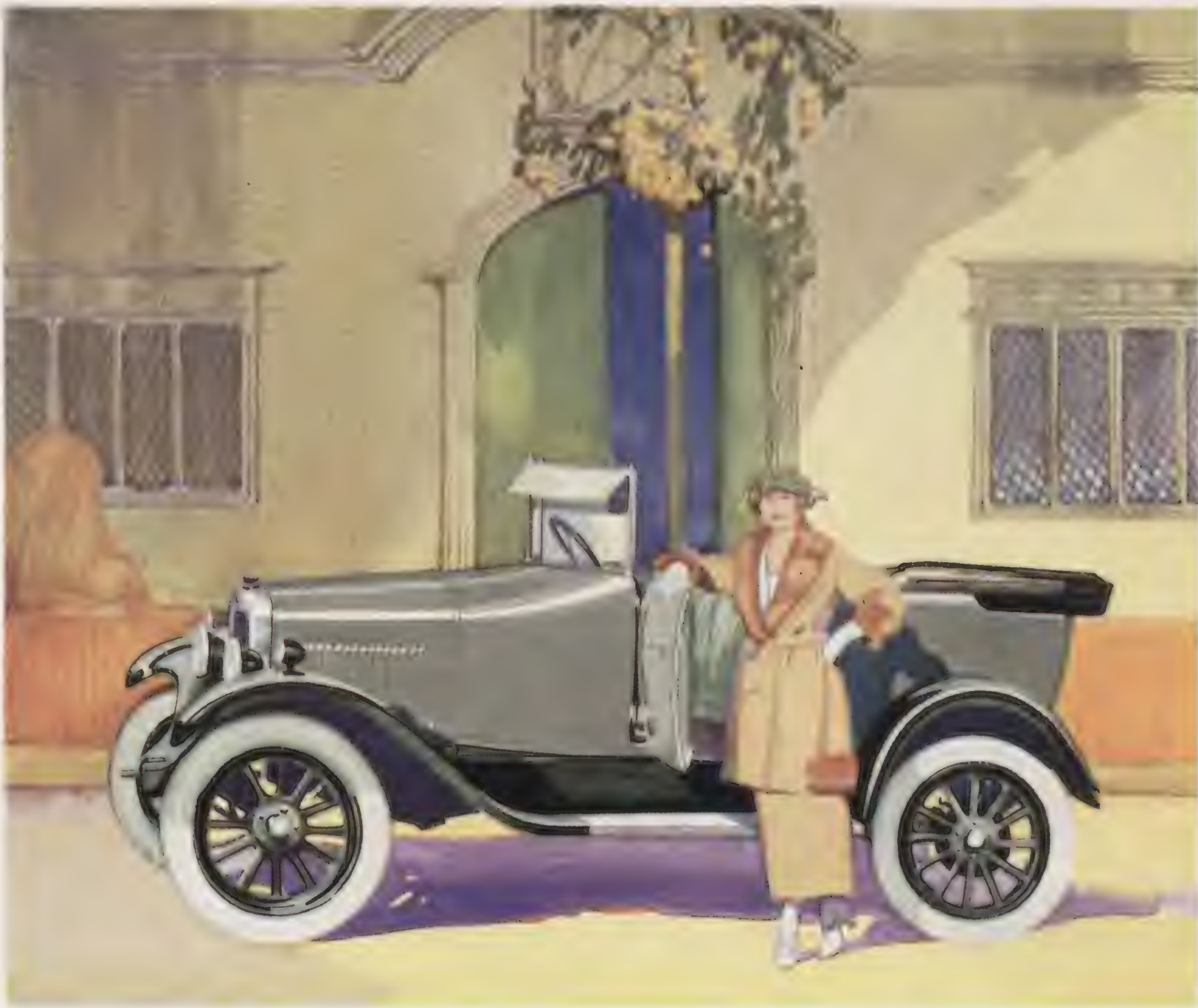
Left: An engine assembling shop, showing in the foreground a preliminary "running-in" test. Right: Frame assembling; the frames are equipped with front and rear axles before passing along the main conveying platform

THE CAR TO "KEEP UPKEEP DOWN."



The single Overland chassis is adaptable to all the varied needs of the motor-owner, and will carry with both grace and efficiency any required type of carriage work. This two-seater, for instance, is ideally comfortable, and has, beside, most satisfying lines.

AN ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND CAR.



It goes without saying that the Overland policy is well up with the times in providing among the range of models an all-weather car. And it may also be taken for granted that the "top" is both easy to erect and effective in providing complete protection.

ECONOMY AND CAPABILITY.



In its most usual five-seated touring form, the Overland car, with its unconventional but excellent suspension, is a familiar object on our roads. Familiarity in this case, however, breeds admiration—and, it may be, envy in the breasts of owners of other makes.

A LUXURIOUS TOWN CARRIAGE.



No Londoner can well be ignorant of the name of Overland—it greets him in letters of fire as he negotiates the traffic of Piccadilly Circus. The ingeniousness of the illuminated sky sign, however, is as nothing to the luxury of an Overland three-quarter landaulet.

THE PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE.

(Continued from Page 34.)

The transmission, rear axle, etc., are also imported from the famous Toledo works, but the design of the chassis has been modified considerably to suit the tastes of British drivers. The wheel base has been lengthened by six inches, the frame members have been strengthened, and cross members have been added to increase the rigidity.

The gravity tank has been removed from the scuttle, placed in a specially made recess in the frame, and connected with the modern Autovac system. This gives a lower centre of gravity to the car, and makes the engine more accessible.

The radiator has been moved farther forward than on the American models. This also increases the accessibility of the engine and enables a longer bonnet to be fitted which gives the car the graceful English greyhound look. In redesigning the car for British owners the makers have given them lower seating position and more leg room. The latter point is important. Cartoonists are fond of depicting Uncle Sam as a long-shanked individual, but we are inclined to believe that artists are guilty of leg-pulling. Our experience is that John Bull has lengthier legs than Uncle Sam, and

that English makers of cars understand this. We are safe in saying that the British-built Overland is a more comfortable car for the English driver and passengers than those designed and built in America.

With considerable interest we watched the various processes in the great works. We saw the engines tested on the bench, and noticed that the system is to turn them for a time with an electric motor in order that any slight stiffness may be removed before they are run under their own power. When this has been done, each engine is started up and undergoes a brake-horse-power test.

Another interesting process is the testing of the rear axles. The drive is of the modern spiral bevel type, and, in order that silence may be assured, the transmission, when assembled, is connected with an electric motor which drives the propeller shaft and axles through the differential. During this test skilled testers place their ears close to the differential casing, and refuse to pass any assembly that does not run sweetly and quietly.

The factory organisation is undoubtedly of a very high order. It is quite an easy matter to follow every process in the production of a car, as the assembled parts move along run-

ways in orderly procession. No time is wasted. By eliminating all unnecessary work, attention may be concentrated on that upon which the sweet running of a car depends.

The present organisation is capable of turning out at least 80 cars per day of eight hours. One does not need to be a mathematician to realise that this is at the rate of 10 per hour, or 1 every 6 minutes.

We have sometimes heard motorists who know nothing of modern factory organisation discuss such production figures. Some of the least enlightened will ask: "How can you expect a good car to be turned out in six minutes?"

They appear to have dim recollections of the arithmetical absurdity of their schooldays. If we remember rightly, that proposition was as follows: If ten men can build a certain length of wall in ten hours, then twenty men could build it in five hours, and one hundred men in one. Six thousand men could build it in one minute and three hundred and sixty thousand in a second—that is to say, before one of them could lay a single brick.

We also have recollections of that absurdity being quoted as an example



Left: On the conveying platform one of the many time and labour saving devices employed—showing an engine and gearbox unit being dropped into a chassis. Right: Putting the finishing touches to completed cars.

CATERING FOR ALL REQUIREMENTS.

of the manner in which figures may be misleading.

Yet modern organisation achieves the apparently impossible. A little thought should make it clear that the number of cars that can be produced in a day has but slight relation to the time actually spent on each individual car.

One must altogether abandon the somewhat childish idea that a modern factory is a species of sausage machine which squirts cars at a dazed world through a kind of hose.

One should picture it rather as a wide river with many hundreds of streams flowing into it. Some of the streams flow swiftly, and some slowly. The more sluggish are the widest, so that their contributions to the main stream are equal to those which rush like mountain torrents.

If we fix this simile in our minds, it becomes easy to understand, for example, how each car body can be given twelve distinct coatings of paints and varnishes to give it the exquisite lustre of the finished article. Time must be given for each of those coats to dry, so this part of the work must be compared with the very slow moving but broad stream which will presently join the main river.

That rapid production means hurried production is an altogether false conception. It means the elimination of wasted time, and the employment of many thousands of specialists who work in such an orderly manner that they all appear to be leisurely.

If you wish to see hustle, fuss, shouting, confusion, men working at high pressure, and overseers foaming at the mouth like unto Egyptian slave drivers, then go to a factory that is badly organised and has a very small output.

If, when your head is splitting, and your nerves are shattered by the noise, you desire a rest cure, then you should visit a highly-organised modern factory which turns out one hundred cars while its poorly organised competitor is, with frantic and nerve-racking haste, turning out one.

Men who work in the modern palaces of industry set

amid green fields, clean, roofed with glass through which the sunlight may stream, are not hurried or harried. They may do their work with loving care. This means good work, careful work, and cheerful work. And those who buy their products reap the benefits.

These were the most vivid impressions produced by our prolonged and critical inspection of the great buildings which have been taken over by Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., for the purpose of producing "The Economy Car," under the management of Sir William M. Letts, K.B.E., one of the pioneers of the British automobile industry.

Sir William has as intimate a knowledge of British cars as any of our pioneers who have seen the wonderful developments during the last quarter of a century. He knows the require-

ments of the British motorist, and he is convinced that the future of our industry lies in the adoption of the most modern methods of standardisation and mass production. He has studied such methods in America, and his aim is to apply, and perhaps improve upon them in order that the British motorist may be given the highest possible value at the lowest possible cost.

What the Willys Overland Company of America has done is fairly well known. It employs 30,000 people, has private railway tracks 12½ miles long, and turns out about 700 cars *per day*. The application of similar business principles and organisation to the work of producing British-built cars, with British-built bodies specially adapted to the requirements of British motor-owners is one of the most interesting developments of the industry in this country.

We do not propose in this review of a great motor industry to give mere catalogue specifications of the Manchester "Model de Luxe" produced by Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd. We are more concerned with broad, general principles than with minutiae. It is interesting, however, to note that every class of British motorist has been considered. There are five-seater touring cars, with "storm curtains" that fully protect driver and all passengers; a very pretty two-seater, with double dickey; a two- or three-seater coupé, six-seater landaulette, and five-seater "sedan." Also a delivery van.

In all cases the bodywork is of fine British quality. When we commented on the comfortable seating arrangements we were introduced to the designer, and were amused to hear that he began by cutting out of cardboard life-sized and jointed figures. These he placed in what appeared to be the most natural and comfortable positions, and then made full-sized drawings of car bodies to fit them. The bodies were built and modified until perfect comfort had been obtained. It was typical of the thoughtful enterprise of the company. The British Overland certainly deserves the success it will achieve.



Motorists in general will join with us in tendering hearty congratulations to Sir William Letts, whose public services were recognised in the New Year Honours List, in which he was created Knight Commander of the British Empire.

Silent Gears

"Not so long ago an extremely interesting experiment was carried out by a large manufacturer of gears. By the aid of a projectoscope — an ingenious device for casting enlarged shadows of a gear wheel on to a white screen—a slight hump on one of the teeth of a gear wheel was detected. Such would cause a pronounced knock in the gear box. The imperfection was then removed, the gear wheel passed as perfect, and the silence of its operation tested in a running gear box and found satisfactory. The same gears were then dipped into an unclean lubricant, containing fine particles of metal and dirt. When run again they were as noisy as poorly cut gears."

The above is taken from The Sternot Booklet. May we send you a free copy?

Don't
let an unclean or
unsuitable lubricant
ruin the GEARS of
YOUR car.

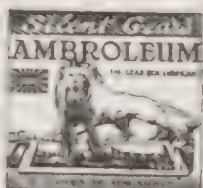
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ORCHARDING IN SOUTH AFRICA

The peaches, pears and plums yearly exported from the Union of South Africa in such large and increasing quantities are grown mainly in the south-western corner of that country. It is a corner notable for climate, beauty and productiveness.

Especially around such places as Stellenbosch, Paarl and Groot Drakenstein, the environment is an inspiring one of sunny, carefully cultivated valleys, between great mountain chains; orchards and vineyards, and white-walled often elegant homes sequestered among oaks and pines, yet in close touch with town.

The prospective fruit-grower, when he starts looking for a holding, may on a superficial survey conclude that those areas are the pick of the country, and that the first-comers had a choice he never can have. But it is not so. Throughout the Union of South Africa there are still many wonderful valleys, almost untenanted. True, they are as yet in the rough. Capital, patience, experience and resourcefulness will be necessary for their development; but so they were necessary for the development around Stellenbosch and Paarl.

The opportunities and inducements, in deciduous fruit-growing, are as great as ever for those who have the necessary capital. The minimum required for even a modest start is £2,000. In the Union of South Africa there are now adequate facilities for beginners to obtain training and effective guidance before investing.

Fuller particulars should in the first instance be obtained from the Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2



A CLEAN CAR

besides being a thing of beauty, is a comfort to all who ride in it.

But if the upholstery is dirty, there is nothing more annoying than to find light-coloured garments being soiled by coming into contact with it. Sooner or later the inside upholstery of cars—particularly of open cars—becomes soiled and grubby.

It is then high time to send your car to EASTMAN'S, who will treat the entire inside by their wonderful DRY process, and return the car beautifully cleaned in 2-3 days.

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THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

THE LIGHT CAR GRAND PRIX, LE MANS, Sept. 18th 1921
THE GREAT 200 MILES RACE, BROOKLANDS, Oct. 22nd 1921

The results of the above races—sweeping victories for the $1\frac{1}{2}$ -litre cars produced by one of our associated Companies—recall the similar triumph of the SUNBEAM team in the Grand Prix (Coupe de l'Auto) in 1912, when the three Sunbeam cars ran 1st, 2nd, and 3rd in the 3-litre race, and carried off the Team Reliability Prize. Thus does history repeat itself.

These cars were in many respects the progenitors of those successful in the recent light car events.

EFFICIENCY AND RELIABILITY

The same qualities which made possible such remarkable achievements—efficiency, reliability, unsurpassable excellence of workmanship and finish—have always been features of SUNBEAM Cars.

The Company, therefore, present their 1922 programme with added confidence that they are offering the public cars of outstanding merit.

The range of chassis models consist of:—

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| 14 h.p. | A new light model, simple in design, fast and economical in running. |
| 16-40 h.p. | A well-tried, serviceable chassis, with new overhead-valve engine of remarkable efficiency. |
| 24-60 h.p. | A 6-cylinder version of the above, of ample power for any emergency, and capable of very high road speed. |

These may be had fitted
with varied types of
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16-40 h.p. All-Weather Model

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For full particulars and prices the public are referred to the Company's current catalogue, copy of which will be gladly forwarded on request

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Precautions Against Lighting and Starting Failures.

THE wonderful improvements which have been made during recent years in the electrical equipment of the car have resulted in lighting and starting being now considered as essentials rather than as luxurious refinements.

There is no doubt about the many advantages which the combination offers, since it completes and rounds off the efficiency of the machine and, properly used, takes away a good deal of the drudgery and not a little of the worry and inconvenience connected with the efficient lighting of the vehicles.

This is so in the case of the touring or open car, and much more is it so in the case of vehicles of the enclosed saloon type, where interior lighting is a necessity and where there does not seem any real alternative to the electric light.

Like all things electrical or mechanical a lighting and starting outfit cannot be expected to operate always, and with complete efficiency, unless some care and attention are given to it.

But, given any of the now well-known arrangements, and providing that this care and attention are given from the start, these devices will continue to operate with efficiency and certainty for an indefinite period.

Probably the one point which is of the greatest, indeed of vital, importance in the use of these appliances is the necessity for refraining from operating the starter at too short intervals or for too long a period at each operation.

In this respect a good deal depends on the condition of the engine, the ignition and the carburetter.

Many men who, if they had to start their car by hand, would see that these things were in efficient order, leave them to get out of trim when they have a starter. The adjustment of the valves, the throttle, the carburetter and the ignition, to ensure prompt and easy starting are just as essential when an electric starter is installed as when hand

starting is "the only way." If this point were attended to, danger of failure of starters, running down and damage to accumulators, shorting and burning of fields and armatures and other grievous troubles would be minimised or eliminated.

The other vital points in proper upkeep, if adjustments and repairs are to be avoided, may be classed as follows:—

KEEP THE TERMINALS TIGHT:— Loose terminals are a source of very considerable loss of efficiency, setting up great resistance which woefully affects the operation of the outfit.

KEEP THE TERMINALS CLEAN:— Equally important is it to keep the terminals clean. Clean metallic contacts over a big area are the things to aim at, and this should be so throughout the system, including the terminals of the battery, the starter, the dynamo, the switches, and the cut-out gear. The battery terminals should never be allowed to corrode. Pure vaseline well smeared on after cleaning and tightening will effect an enormous saving in current and in freedom from break-downs.

WATCH THE INSULATION:—The leads should be insulated entirely and thoroughly from point to point. Leads which swing and sag, wear, and "shorts" occur which soon cause the system to break down. These should be avoided by generous taping with insulating tape and properly stapling up with good protective staples or clips. Oil should not be allowed to collect on the leads. This is important where the leads run near the engine.

KEEP THE DYNAMO AND STARTER CLEAN:—The dynamo and starter should be protected from dust and dirt, wet and grit. These play havoc with the bearings and brushes, and lead to endless trouble. Proper lubrication of the bearings with packed grease; proper protection for the brush and commutator gear and occasional cleaning will mean efficiency and freedom from break-down. Bearings

which are allowed to wear through lack of lubrication will cause bad brush contact, worn commutator rings, knocking and heated armatures, etc. A heated armature leads to low electric efficiency in both starter and dynamo, and must always be avoided by careful attention to these points. Electrical cut-outs should be protected against dirt, and the pivots of cut-out armatures should be occasionally lubricated with a drop or two of good, not gummy, oil.

CARE FOR THE ACCUMULATOR:— The accumulator should be *fixed* in the car, whatever its position, and should, where possible, be protected from undue vibration. The running board is not the best place for the batteries. The acid should always be above the plates, and its specific gravity should be maintained by adding distilled water to make up for loss by evaporation. The specific gravity of the electrolyte (dilute acid) should be 1.225 when the accumulator is fully charged, *i.e.*, registering 15 volts in the case of a 12 volt battery, or 10 volts in the case of an 8 volt set.

If all these points are attended to, the modern electrical equipment is wonderfully reliable, and that terrifying thought, "What should I do if the electric lighting failed?" need not worry one. Prevention is better than cure; but a previously tight terminal *may* shake loose in the course of a run, so, in the case of failure of the lights, an inspection of the wiring system will probably locate the fault. It is essential, however, that the car-owner should thoroughly understand the wiring of his car and not take this, with many other things, on trust. The knowledge is easily acquired; it may never be wanted, but when it *is*, it will be wanted good and hard! And if even with this knowledge one's inspection proves fruitless, put one foot on the running board, grasp the sides of the body firmly with both hands, and give the car a shake!

THE GIFT OF UNCLE THOMAS.

By Elliot Bailey.

And Some Thoughts on the Subject of Generosity, Relative and Otherwise.

IT was very gratifying, as I afterwards remarked to Gwendoline, that it happened when it did.

We were all partaking of tea—Miss Dolittle, who is the sister of our esteemed Vicar, my wife Gwendoline, and myself. The conversation, I remember, had turned upon the subject of generosity, on which, as is well known, I hold strong views.

"If there is one thing I abhor, Gwendoline," I was saying, "it is meanness. Now I do not wish to be personal, but your Uncle Thomas"—

Gwendoline cut me short. She has, I regret to say, a habit of becoming annoyed upon the most flimsy and futile pretext. In spite of the presence of our visitor she chose to become so now.

"If you are insinuating that Uncle Thomas is mean I think you are perfectly horrid," she said hotly. "You know quite well what we have had to thank him for lately. You know"—

I held up my hand for silence. A perfectly adequate and unanswerable retort was on the tip of my tongue, but, unfortunately, it was not destined to be delivered.

The door opened and Millicent, our Parlourmaid, appeared. I say "Parlourmaid" because, although strictly speaking, I suppose, she may be termed a general servant, I believe in keeping up one's dignity before visitors, especially visitors of the calibre of the Vicar's sister. Therefore, when we entertain our friends I insist upon her being called a parlourmaid. Anything approaching snobbery is, of course, abhorrent to me, but upholding one's position is, I consider, quite another matter. Gwendoline's habit of referring to Millicent as "the girl," I confess, grates at times upon my nerves.

To repeat, then, our Parlourmaid opened the door.

"If you please," she said, "the car has arrived."

Just like that: "The car has

arrived." No excitement, no fuss, just as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world for our car to arrive. I admit that on the morning she dropped the whole of our breakfast service on the floor she used precisely the same tone in announcing the fact, but this time her method was entirely justified. Miss Dolittle, I could see, was impressed. My own proper sense of importance was gratified.

It was Gwendoline who, as usual, contrived to rob the situation of some of its dignity.

She sprang up and clapped her hands. "What price Uncle Thomas now?" she cried.

"The price of your Uncle Thomas, Gwendoline," I remarked coldly, "whatever you may mean, has no bearing upon the matter."



A reminiscence of the recent M.C.C. London-Exeter run: W. J. Brunell's De Dion, which qualified for a gold medal, at a picturesque spot on the route.

Then I turned to Miss Dolittle.

"Perhaps, if you have quite finished your tea, you would like to come and see my car?" I suggested. I caught my wife's eye. "Our car," I amended.

She showed more eagerness than I should have expected. In fact both she and Gwendoline were evincing a feminine exuberance which makes one glad that there is male stability in the world to counterbalance matters.

"Lovely."

"Charming."

"How thrilling."

Personally, I resolved to withhold my comments until I had seen the car. I had had some experience of Uncle Thomas's generosity. And there are cars and cars.

Nevertheless the little two-seater which panted outside in the winter's dusk was presentable enough, and something of the pride of ownership possessed me as I looked at it. A warmer feeling than I had hitherto had for Uncle Thomas crept into my heart. Perhaps, after all, I had misjudged him.

Miss Dolittle clasped her hands.

"But how perfectly splendid!" she exclaimed. Had it been anyone of lesser social position I should have almost said "gushed," but such a word is, of course, inadmissible where our Vicar's sister is involved.

"How perfectly splendid! Why, you must have come into a fortune, Mr. Banks."

I coughed. Apparently she had not tumbled to the fact that the car was the gift of Gwendoline's Uncle Thomas, and such being the case I saw no reason why she should be disillusioned. After all, there are other people in the world besides the Reverend Mr. Dolittle and his sister.

"Ah," I murmured modestly, "a little business success, Miss Dolittle, a little—er—... ah... um..."

"But how wonderful and romantic, dear Mr. Banks," she gus—said

ECONOMY A PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

again. "Which, of course, reminds me," she went on irrelevantly, "of a small matter I forgot to mention at tea. I am, as you know, dear Mr. Banks, secretary of the local branch of the Ladies' Protection Society for Indigent Cats. I know that I shall not ask you in vain for a small subscription, just a little, tiny, *weeny* subscription to the good cause; just a tiny, *weeny* amount; just a"

Her voice trailed away, as well it might. Perhaps she sensed at that moment the sudden revulsion of feeling I underwent regarding her. I regret to say it, but I considered, and still consider, that such a request made at that time was inopportune and, to say the least of it, lacking in tact. I thought of the gas bill on the dining-room mantelpiece, of the demand for the water rate which accompanied it; I thought of all the expense for petrol which I must incur in the driving of the new car (it had apparently not crossed Uncle Thomas' mind that a few gallons to go on with would have been acceptable), and finally I thought of the tea which Miss Dolittle had just eaten—enough for two, Gwendoline remarked later, and I did not rebuke her.

"My dear Miss Dolittle," I said, "I do not wish to appear ungenerous, but at the present moment what you ask is impossible. Besides," I added, with a laudable desire to give the affair a humorous turn, "I hate cats—were the society one for their extermination now, perhaps—ha—ha!"

But Miss Dolittle did not laugh. In fact, at first I thought she was about to say something which no doubt in a cooler moment she would have regretted. What she actually said, in a tone I could see no reason for, was:

"Ah! I quite understand."

Which on the face of it was absurd. I had said nothing to her regarding the gas bill, the water rate, or the petrol; while natural delicacy forbade any mention of her tea. Therefore she could not possibly understand.

It was Gwendoline who changed the subject.

"I am sure, Miss Dolittle," she hastened to say, "that my husband is looking forward to taking you for a drive in the car. He has been having lessons and is quite a good driver."

That, perhaps, was a little overstating the case. Only the day before the man who was teaching me had not appeared quite satisfied with my progress. Still, at the end of the lesson he had remarked that if I met St. Paul's Cathedral in the Sahara Desert I *might* not hit it, which I took to be encouraging—quite encouraging.

Therefore, magnanimously putting out of my mind Miss Dolittle's request for a subscription, I said I should be charmed.

This time, however, there was not the slightest suspicion of gush about Miss Dolittle's response. In fact she left me in doubt as to whether she had even heard my offer. She put up her glasses and inspected the car.

"I suppose it has not a powerful engine?" she remarked in a manner which in anyone else I should have considered derogatory either to myself or the car, or even to us both. But when one's companion is the cousin of a second cousin of a member of the

peerage, it is, of course, impossible to harbour such a suspicion. So I hastened to afford her the information she desired.

I admit that in the circumstances the slip of the tongue was unfortunate, but after all it might have happened to anyone.

"The power of the engine," I said impressively, "is that of twelve cats."

Anyone but Miss Dolittle would have known at once that I meant horses; anyone but Gwendoline would have known better than to laugh. To this day I do not know whether the Vicar's sister even deigned to say good-bye. I only know she went, and went at once.

"Now," said Gwendoline, "you have gone and been and done it!"

I flatter myself that I kept my head. I ordered the man in charge of the car to take it down the street to the shed I had rented as a garage; then I led the way back into the house.

"See," I said dramatically, "that that woman does not set foot in these premises again!"

"Don't be silly," Gwendoline replied, "and don't kick that footstool about—it can't help it. You'll have to apologise to her and say you didn't mean it. Anyway, it's a lovely car."

I picked up one of the few cakes that Miss Dolittle had condescended to leave, and like a healing balm to my spirit came the remembrance of Millicent, our Parlourmaid's, announcement. "The car has arrived"—just like that—"The car has arrived." It was, perhaps, the most gratifying moment of that afternoon.

On the spot I made a mental note to give Millicent half-a-crown.

As a matter of fact there proved to be no need for this expenditure on account of what, after all, was but the plain duty of a well-trained servant. Next morning Millicent broke our second best milk jug, and, purely to bring home to her the culpable carelessness involved in this proceeding, I deducted half-a-crown from her month's money.



Watching the cars go by in the London-Exeter run. In the left foreground is the quaint Tamplin saloon, while in the distance is Frazer Nash's G.N. The latter was, and the former was not, among the survivors at the end of the arduous trial.

A LITTLE HISTORY AND SOME SUGGESTIONS.

By Hugh P. McConnell.

Why Not a Standard Car Race This Year?

THE history of the 200-mile race may be known to a few intimates, but it is perhaps worth the telling.

At the beginning of last year a suggestion was thrown out in Committee that a long-distance race should be held as one of the Junior Car Club fixtures, and, not being sceptics, one or two enthusiastic members said that they would support it. This formed the nucleus of an entry list—say, 12 cars. It was then decided that we should run the race.

It was decided to leave the whole race until the end of the season, so that possible competitors should not do their cars in on a long gruelling grind, or, as some put it, "blind," and the Brooklands authorities could not give us any other date except the one we chose, namely October 22nd. We were without experience in the running of such an event, so that it took a little while to get out the regulations. These were fortunately accepted without serious questioning, and any supplementary regulations that were issued up to the day of the race were only of a nature that would ensure the race being run as safely as possible.

The work in connection with the race had been steadily progressing, but it could not take final shape until September 15th, leaving just over a month for the small transformation of the track that was necessary.

The Club was fortunate in the early days to have received the offer of a handsome gold cup from Mr. T. B. André. It was a prize worth going out to win, and it is to be hoped that the cup will be looked upon as the Blue Ribbon (if I may be allowed to mix my metaphors) of the light car world. Mr. André foresaw the potentialities of the race, and his lead was an incentive to everyone concerned in the organisation.

One has to study the geography of Brooklands to be able either to criticise or condemn some of the arrangements that were made. Bearing in mind the old adage, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*," I

do not propose to suggest how they could be altered; but, in point of fact, I do not think that anybody realised that the pits would be so little used by competitors as was the case, and in the writer's opinion, the position chosen for them was the most convenient one for the track. They must be on the near side of the car, and also must be after the finishing line, so that the public can see them.

The start of the race turned out to be a huge success, despite the fact that there were four rows. The cars started at half-minute intervals, and by starting the smallest cars first, there was no likelihood of cars doing 70 miles an hour lapping before the last row was despatched. As a matter of fact, standing on the starting line, and watching the last of the last row going round the bend by the members' hill, it so happened that at this moment the leaders on the first lap just came into view from the Byfleet banking.

A cleaner race, in my opinion, has never been witnessed, and the fears that were entertained for safety were fortunately groundless.

Other races of a similar nature are scheduled to follow, and it is to be hoped that the lessons learnt at the first one will be of considerable assistance on subsequent occasions.

A motor race can be considered in two lights: 1. sporting; 2. educational. There is no doubt that the sporting event will attract the gate, and I think it is possible to introduce a sufficient amount of the sporting element into an educational race to make it highly interesting.

You ask on what lines this year's race will be run, and I offer the following suggestion. There should be three classes: 1, for standard cycle-cars of 1,100 c.c.; 2, for standard light cars of 1,500 c.c.; and, 3, an open class of 1,500 c.c. The first two classes should be for standard stock cars, and the third class, run on a separate day, of a purely sporting nature.

I realise only too well the difficulty of defining standard stock cars, but in my opinion it is not an insuperable difficulty. Cars could be entered in this race that would conform to the following simple regulations: A number of standard production-units could be sealed. By "units," I mean base chamber, crank-shaft, cylinders, gear-box housing and back-axle housing. The standard diameter of valves and the lift of same should be verified, but in any other respect the manufacturer would have a free hand to make whatever modifications he wished, such as dispensing with the differential, using whatever gear ratio he desired, fitting whatever springs or shock-absorber devices he thought advisable. This would encourage him to make his vehicle as reliable as possible, and to learn whatever lessons he could from a 250-mile event.

For the standard stock car race the finishing straight should be used instead of passing the "Vickers" sheds. On the next day, the high-speed race, open to all comers, and held on a Saturday, would give the public the sporting race which they seem to require. Organising the two events together would minimise the work, and the meeting would be a motoring holiday in the time of the year when weather conditions are reasonably expected to be good, and thus ensuring a large attendance.

It must be remembered that the Royal Automobile Club races are scheduled for June next, so that the cars taking part in them would have a chance to re-fit for the July Meeting.

In conclusion, I would like to say that I think entries in the race should be limited to three cars of one make and the distance increased to 250 miles.

Team prizes might be introduced, and a cup, that might be termed the "*Coupe de Régularité*," presented to the car showing the greatest consistency of running above a minimum of 70 miles an hour.

HUGH P. MCCONNELL.

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MEAN SO MUCH.

S T U D Y T H E D E T A I L S .

A good car is often spoiled by the selection of poor accessories, by the lack of something essential, or by injudicious attachment. Here are a few useful items which we have personally tested and "passed."



The Kendrick lamp, which can be attached magnetically to any steel or iron surface, and so saves much time and worry; made by Neale Magnet Construction Co., 7, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

A new electric horn, having a sonorous note and an admirable appearance, at once inconspicuous and graceful.



Electric lighting has almost displaced acetylene on motor cars on account of its ease and cleanliness of operation. But dissolved acetylene has many points in its favour—it is almost as easy to use as electricity, and certainly gives a magnificent light. This is one of the latest Allen-Liversidge lamps.



The latest Eura horn switch rather improves the appearance of a steering wheel than otherwise. The horn can be sounded by pressing at any point of the circle, and the hand never needs to be moved from the wheel. The standard switch has a black nickel finish.



Above is a specimen of the Stadium spot light, which, although light and inexpensive, throws a powerful parallel beam wherever it is wanted. It is sold by Etienne & Co., of Great Eastern Street. Below the spot light is a useful driving mirror, Le Retroscope, sold by H. Jenks, Ltd., of 54, Ebury Street, S.W.

The "Guinea" self-generating pocket lamp, also a Jenks accessory. It is the cheapest inexhaustible lamp on the market, is well finished, and appears to be a perfectly sound article.



THE LIFE OF A CAR.

And Some Figures, Facts and Fancies Concerning the Cost of Running a Motor Vehicle.

MOST men are fond of motoring for the pleasure, the profit, the sport of it. Most women are in favour of it too, for—well, much the same reasons. The pastime, to use a term that is somewhat ungainly but expressive, makes a double appeal—i.e., there is the pleasure of being a guest in a car, and there is the greater pleasure of the pride of possession.

Perennially, soon after the period at which this number of THE MOTOR-OWNER appears, a strong yearning for the joy of the road manifests itself in ordinary citizens, and for something on wheels that will bring liberty when a late Easter eventually arrives.

"Could we?" says Mrs. Citizen plaintively, as she observes with a nicely repressed tinge of envy the Joneses tuning up their car in readiness for, oh! such enviable excursions.

"I wonder!" returns her husband, emulative yet doubtful. "Wish I could only get the real facts. Jones says his car runs on money, but Brown says it runs on gold. I don't mind the first, but the Government wants the other."

As Mr. Citizen has a large family of cousins of whom the majority have tastes and aspirations akin to his, the writer has gone to some trouble to dig out a number of facts that will assist readers of this journal. Of course, it is not the least use pretending to give a cast-iron figure as the cost of motoring.

In estimating the cost of running a car one has to allow for a variety of things, some of which are stated below:—

The make of the car.

The power of the car.

The average loaded weight of the car.

The speed at which it is usually driven.

The driver's skill.

The driver's carefulness.

The kind of roads on which the car travels.

Various local conditions.

This little table gives one quite enough to think over, and complicates the reply enough to make any figures one deduces very elastic. First, get a good make of car; it is usually cheaper to let richer people do the testing.

If you want to motor cheaply, do not buy a heavy car or one with an unnecessarily big engine. And when you've got it, keep to 25 miles an hour or so, and do a dozen other things that help to reduce running costs. All this sort of thing should be obvious, and, anyhow, it is not our intention to dwell on that now, but to give figures relating to cars representing the average use under average conditions.

First, take four cars which represent some sort of average for their class from the point of view of price. Car A costs £250, car B costs £350, car C costs £500, car D costs £800.

Car A, for 5,000 miles' running, uses petrol to the value of about £35, lubricating oil about £3, and wear of tyres equivalent to £25.

Car B, for the same distance, uses petrol to the value of £40, oil about £4 10s., and tyres to £28.

Car C gives results as follows: Petrol £60, oil £3, tyres £36.

Car D yields the following: Petrol £60, lubricants £3 10s., tyres round about £40.

These expenses will increase proportionately with usage, and are thus directly under the motorist's control. If he wants to spend less, he must travel less. But as the car gets older the owner finds he is called upon to disburse yet other sums. Repairs will have to be done, and though a good modern car may not require the expenditure of more than a few shillings the first or second year, at a later period this item will steadily increase.

Through the kindness of the owner, Lt.-Col. Ian Forbes, the owner of a 14-20 h.p. Wolseley, we are able to give the actual expenditure on this car over a period of eleven years, i.e., from 1909 to 1920, but not including 1918.

Colonel Forbes states that the Wolseley has run consistently well

without breakdown, the only stoppages for defects being twice for broken brake-rods, twice for breakage of the bolts securing the front springs to the axle, and twice for broken fan belts.

The average life of the tyres was between 5,000 and 6,000; the petrol consumption on lengthy trips is between 30 and 35 m.p.g., but drops, as is natural, to about 14 m.p.g. when the car is used for shopping and similar work.

During the eleven years the Wolseley has run 47,130 miles, the average fuel consumption for that distance being 20.82 m.p.g., the quantity of petrol consumed amounting to 2,307 gallons. The oil and grease bill is comparatively low, the amount being £19 18s. 1d.

It is a curious coincidence that the cost for petrol amounted to practically the same as that of tyres—£198 and a few shillings, a total by no means large considering that it represents 47,000 miles. Both these items, however, would prove more expensive at the present date, since their cost during the first six years of the car's life was considerably less.

Including licences, insurance, repairs, spares, etc., the cost per mile works out for each as follows: 1909, 1.56d.; 1910, 3.03d.; 1911, 2.7d.; 1912, 2.42d.; 1913, 6.05d.; 1914, 2.58d.; 1915, 4.21d.; 1916, 4.57d.; 1917, 5.98d.; 1919, 6.07d.; 1920, 5.40d.

The high cost per mile in 1913 is due to the car having been completely overhauled by the makers, which cost £69. As for the years 1915 and subsequently, the high proportionate cost per mile is due to the low mileage—some items, like insurance and licences, remain the same whether the car is used for 10 or 10,000 miles—and to the increased price of petrol, etc.

For a car of 14-20 h.p. the average annual cost of £62 17s. 3d. is very low for distances such as Col. Forbes has driven; or, if we put it the other way, 3½d. is a very modest sum to pay per mile.

THE LONG, LONG, TRAIL.

I R I S H !

The Tragedy of a Hibernian's Unintentional Humour.



MOTORIST: "Where's the next repair shop?"

MIKE: "Sure, you passed the next repair shop ten miles back."

SOMEBODY SAID THAT IT COULDN'T BE DONE!

THIS MONTH'S CARTOON.

Mr. J. E. Price, Managing Director of Angus-Sanderson, Limited.

THERE have been many MOTOR-OWNER cartoons, and they have included most of the leading lights of the industry. On the present occasion, however, we are dealing with a personality which stands out in an exceptional manner and represents not merely industrial achievement but an achievement so great that it almost enters the realms of the novelists' fancy.

Mr. Price—known to his intimates as "J.E.P."—has been connected with the Angus-Sanderson proposition from the start; in fact, to use a Hibernicism, he has been connected with it longer than that! To explain more precisely, it was he who conceived this first British component produced car and the magnitude of the proposition.

As our readers will be aware, the Angus-Sanderson car flashed over the automobile world in meteoric brilliancy. In overseas markets, even in the most distant parts of the world, it created a name and a demand in fewer months than any previous British car had been able to achieve in years. Then came the fall.

From its pinnacle of astounding success the whole project was suddenly engulfed in the chaos of the then existing financial maelstrom. The car which had flung its fame to the ends of the earth and had won a niche for itself amongst the traders and motorists of this country second to none other, was suddenly cut short in its career. It is from this point that the remarkable personality of the subject of our cartoon becomes most noteworthy. Casting one's memory back to the dark financial days obtaining last year and picturing financial difficulties of enormous magnitude, it is hardly conceivable that anyone could have the courage to start on a big reconstruction scheme. It so chanced that within our own knowledge there were several tempting offers made to Mr. Price to relinquish the sinking ship and take on a secure and well-paid berth in other directions. Admittedly this would have been an easy way out of the

difficulties—but it was one which was scorned. In round figures, by the time Mr. Price really got down to a constructive scheme he found himself faced with the necessity of finding the best part of a quarter of a million pounds to get the necessary parts essential to the reconstruction of the Angus-Sanderson car. What a task! What an apparently impossible proposition in those dark days of financial stringency!

Still bear in mind those difficult

financial times, and then learn with surprise that the confidence of these traders in Mr. Price and the Angus-Sanderson car was so unbounded that within a few weeks they had given him some £40,000. In many cases they simply made their cheques out to him personally—and left the whole matter in his hands. But here was a possible basis for the commencement of real business. Obviously the leading motor agents of the country are the best judges of the qualities of a car—and of the man who is handling it. If, therefore, these hard-headed business folk, in the midst of the worst financial times we have ever experienced, were willing to back a reconstruction scheme with hard cash, would it not be possible to get some big financial magnates sufficiently interested to raise the rest of the money? This became Mr. Price's one aim in life, and for several months he concentrated on the problem, steadfastly refusing to accept failure—and he eventually achieved success. But these were by no means his only worries. Another of the firms involved was also caught in the financial maelstrom and had to go into liquidation. Thus to the financial difficulties had to be added those of a legal nature. "Somebody said that it couldn't be done, but he with a smile replied, that maybe it couldn't—but he would be one who wouldn't say so till he'd tried." That was the spirit which animated Mr. Price throughout those arduous times, and that was the spirit—backed by the belief of the trade in the car and the man—that eventually won through, and now we see Mr. Price installed as Managing Director of Angus-Sanderson, Ltd., whose new works occupy an extensive site at Hendon, and it is from here that these cars will again go out and help to strengthen the prestige of British products.

As an incident in the romance we have been citing it should be mentioned that all the traders who placed their money at Mr. Price's disposal have been repaid.

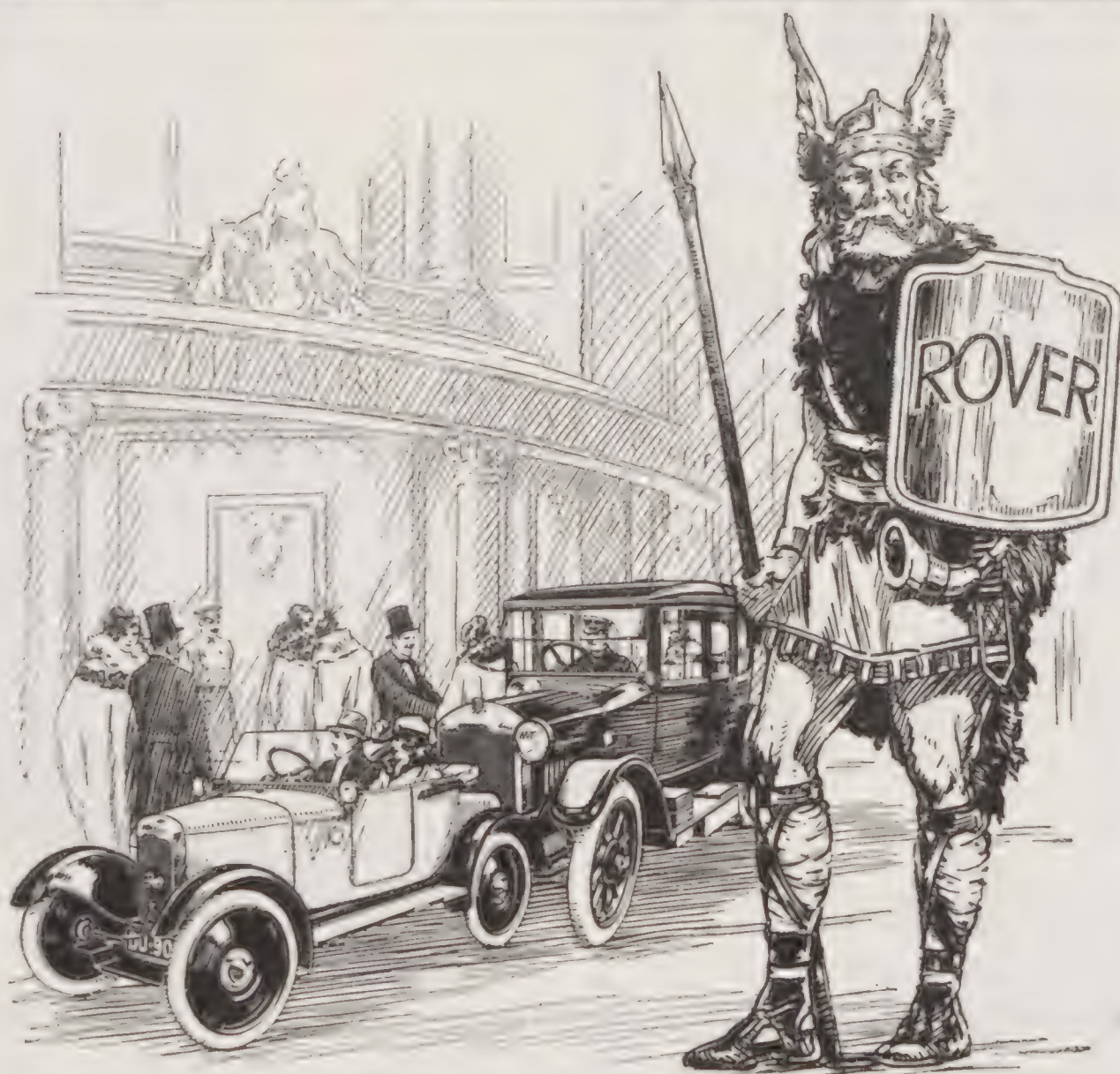


Mr. J. E. Price.



“Angus-Sanderson”

MR. J. E. PRICE



The Winter Season

THE "man in the street" appreciates the ROVER for its distinction of line and elegance of finish. The man in the car, and his friends, value the ROVER for its comfort in service and absolute dependability. The ROVER is not merely a fine-weather car, but a car that takes all seasons as they come, a car that meets every demand of Town and country. The variable conditions of road and weather at this time of the year impose severe tests upon the qualities of a car—but the ROVER will prove its superiority.

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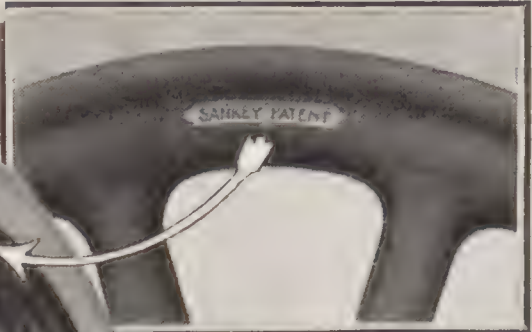
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A WEE CONCESSION.

M Y L O G B O O K .

By Hermes.

*"No news is good news," and "Silence is golden!"
But the good news below and the factories' continued
hum all go to prophesy that there's better news to come.*

WITH the opening of the year comes the usual optimism. However it may be in other directions, the motor trade is taking on a hue less grim and grey than it has worn of late; at any rate we have a cheery note sounded by the president of the S.M.M.T., and some sort of relief in motor taxation.

Sir A. S. Mays-Smith, the official to whom I am referring, displays, in a letter I received from him recently, just the healthy sort of tone that makes the world do better than it thought it could. He has his fingers on the pulse of the trade, and his verdict is that there are indications of a welcome revival all round, which is, in fact, the "herald of a long period of national prosperity."

More concrete and just as welcome is the concession in regard to motor taxation, since from March next motorists will be able to take out licences for a single month, which will be very welcome when a motor vehicle is in dock, and on other obvious occasions. These monthly licences cost 10 per cent. of the sum chargeable for the whole year, and this concession gives hope that the Government will soon allow a fraction of a power unit to be taxed proportionately.

The R.A.C., besides pressing for the tax-reduction I have just mentioned, has carried out recently a large number of tests of cars and accessories, as well as acting in other ways on behalf of motorists. Many of the tests convey valuable information, as, for example, the fact that a two-

seated Albert of 11.9 h.p. ascended the test hill at Brooklands a hundred and one times on second gear, and descended again quite happily under its own brake power.

The Arrow safety signal, also tested by the R.A.C., gave promise of considerable utility, which is equally true of the Lova dimming switch, as by its means the driver can reduce glare so as to give no dazzle.

During a 1,000-mile R.A.C. observed trial on the road an 11.9 h.p. Albert averaged 31.72 m.p.g. on petrol, 1,334.3 m.p.g. on lubricating oil, and lost a bare pint of water.

By the way, the A.A. ask me to point out that quite a large proportion of their members allow their subscriptions to fall in arrear, yet expect the full advantages of membership when they get into trouble. This is particularly true of the A.A. free legal defence, which, the Association points

out, it can no more undertake when a motorist has not renewed his membership than an insurance company can pay claims under a policy that has been allowed to lapse. Nearly always the omission to renew is due to forgetfulness, but it causes much unnecessary trouble to both the Association officials and its members, especially now that prosecutions for technical offences are becoming so numerous.

The very enterprising Junior Car Club has arranged an excellent programme for the coming season. Chief amongst its fixtures are the General Efficiency Trial on March 11th, the Spring Race Meeting at Brooklands on April 29th, and the London-Manchester Trial on June 10th. About a month later—on July 15th, to be exact—the J.C.C. is to hold a 200 miles race, while a well-organised hill climb at South Harling takes place on September 9th.

Encouraged by past successes, the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club has arranged a promising series of meetings for 1922. The usual Easter Monday programme (on April 17th) is followed by a Saturday meeting on May 13th, next coming the Whit Monday racing, on June 5th, and the Junior Car Club 1½ litre long-distance race on Saturday, July 15th. On August 7th (Bank Holiday) the B.A.R.C. will hold a highly interesting meeting, which will be followed on September 16th by a long-distance race for two or three litre cars. The last event of the year will take place on Saturday, October 14th.

The G.N. has been very prominent of late, and its successes have



The Harper runabout is a miniature car de luxe. It is a three-wheeler, with a 2½ h.p. two-stroke engine, three-speed gear-box, clutch, hand and foot brakes, and complete quarter elliptic springing. The price is £100.

FURTHER FINANCIAL FALLINGS.

caused its sponsors, G. N. Motors, Ltd., of East Hill, Wandsworth, S.W. 18, to open a showroom at No. 222, Great Portland Street, W. 1. Under the management of Mr. Clifford Finch, the new G.N. depot will be stocked with examples of the firm's latest models, on which trial runs to intending purchasers will be given.

Economical Motoring is the title of a small but useful book from the pen of Mr. Leonard Henslowe, and published by G. Heath Robinson and J. Birch, Ltd., at one shilling. In the work are a number of useful suggestions that help to keep down expenses, expressed in colloquial and non-technical language and well worth perusing.

From the St. James's Press, Ltd., is issued the first of an annual series entitled *The Motor Book*. Priced at 5s., this work aims at "providing all interested in motor-propelled vehicles with a book of reference to enable them to find, in an easy and rapid manner," particulars of the leading makes of cars and commercial vehicles, the names and addresses of their agents, of suitable hotels, and of accessory dealers. Also included is a lengthy list of reputable garages in the principal towns in the kingdom, while a useful guide to places of interest is also incorporated. It should prove a welcome addition to the motorist's library.

The great drawback for the owner-driver is the necessity for washing and polishing the car, and although this work can, without shame, be given to garage employees, not only is the charge comparatively heavy, but the job is not always thoroughly done. Notably the upholstery is usually ignored completely—worse, is soiled by contact with greasy hands. In this connection I am interested to learn that Messrs. Eastman, of Acton Vale, have originated a scheme for the dry cleaning of car interiors and upholstery which puts the car out of commission only for a day or so. These are all the particulars I have, but I should re-

commend owner-drivers who are interested to find out more about the scheme—as I shall do.

Price reductions being always of interest, I am requested to emphasise the fact that both the 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington open car and the 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall-Velox cost less than in 1919. The latter model, in particular, has been considerably reduced, seeing that it is now listed at £1,195.

Another recent drop in price is that in respect to the L.S.D. car and van, the current figure in each case being £165. These vehicles are manufactured by Messrs. Sykes and Sugden, of Huddersfield, and were on view at the recent Olympia motor shows.

Happier conditions in the motor industry reflect themselves in the prices of the new 20 h.p. Daimler—the chassis now costs £650; the Castleton open touring car, £950; and the Mirfield landaulette, also 20 h.p., £1,100. Other styles of body are also proportionately reduced in price.

The 1922 prices of the 12 h.p. A.B.C. light car are as follows:—Chassis, exclusive of bonnet, wings, running boards and electric lighting set, £230; sporting model, £295; standard model, £325. Both cars are complete and ready for the road.

There seems to be a general tendency towards price reduction in the lubricating oil market—I wish I could say

the same as to petrol, and, still more, benzole. As a matter of fact, however, the National Benzole Company is the latest firm to reduce the price of its oils: "Medium" is down to 7s. 5d. per gallon tin, or 5s. 10d. per gallon in 5-gallon drums, while another 5d. a gallon is saved by taking a 40-gallon barrel. "Light" and "Heavy" grades are respectively a little cheaper and a little dearer than the prices quoted.

I am informed by Messrs. Bramco that their Compression Puncture-proof tubes are again reduced in price by 10 per cent., while Shell motor lubricating oil now retails at 6s. 11d. per gall. and upwards, according to brand. Shell gear oil costs 7s. 6d. for a single gallon. Considerable reductions in price occur in every case when these articles are purchased in 5-gallon drums or in barrels.

The Citroën car being in rapidly increasing demand, Messrs. Gaston, who handle it in this country, have opened new premises at Larden Road, Acton Vale, W. 3, where all business connected with this make will be dealt with.

I understand that another new signalling device for motor vehicles is shortly to be placed on the market. It consists of a lamp which can be fixed anywhere in the rear of a vehicle and which lights up whenever the footbrake is applied, and shows the word "Stop" in brilliant red letters.

The number of accidents due to the difficulty of seeing hand signals at night or in the foggy weather is very great and the "Signalite," as it is called, should assist materially in obviating the risk.

One advantage it has over other signalling apparatus is worth mentioning, and that is the possession of an indicator which shows the driver whether or no the lamp is lighting.

The recent troubles in the Harper-Bean concern are now happily over, and new money to the value of £308,000 having been raised by the company, its prospects are immensely brightened.



Miss Megan Lloyd George is now a practical member of our noble army, and her choice of an 8 h.p. Rover betokens either sound judgment or good advice.

THE CAMERA AND THE CAR.

G O N D O G O R G E , S W I T Z E R L A N D .

This picture illustrates the Italian side of the Simplon Pass. During a 2,000 miles Continental tour Mr. and Mrs. R. Stokes, of Kimberley, experienced no difficulty whatever in taking their Hillman two-seater twice over the summit. The hairpin bends were the most formidable feature of the tour, which was completed without puncture or mechanical trouble.



THE LETTERS OF YVETTE.

Written from Paris, to her English friend, Mary.

MA CHERE MARIE.—I full up am of apologies, which I lay at your so small feet, for keeping you waiting such long times for a letter. I hope you have not, as you say in your so charming London, "got ze wind up." Your leetle Yvette still loves you, and blames her Louis and her Paris for preventing her from telling you so more often.

Particularly it is Louis who, since I returned from my holiday with you, in your exquisite London, has devoured every small minute of my time. It is very nice, my Marie, to be adored by Louis, but it is expensive! *O tempora! O mores!* But it is the privilege of M'sieur, being the husband of Yvette, to pay the bills of the estimable Madame Chirac, and so I do not mind that he forgets that chiffons and laces were not designed to be—what you call it—squashed?

It is sad I was, *mon ami*, at having to leave your petite and adorable

maisonnette. And Louis is a bad Frenchman—he is ungallant, for he says that he is tired of hearing about your adorable chapeaux, your perfectly turned ankles, and your so charming suite of Louis XVI. furniture! But you must forgive my Louis, for he is—what you say?—"dotty" about his Yvette.

My beautiful Paris is wilder, wickeder, and wonder'flier than ever, Marie. Your so charming cousin, Dick, would say it was "a beet of all right—shure, yes!"

I have been dancing (with and without my Louis) ever since I left you, Marie, and, whether it be good for your soul, or bad for your digestion, Paris *expects* you to dance (with and without your Louis-es).

You would love my newest dance frock. It was a Christmas present from my Louis . . . *ah oui*; and there was, too, the string of pearls which I found in the Rue de la Paix and talked about so much that Louis despaired of my

ever talking of anything else—and so bought them!

But the frock. It is soft and straight, and clings to me (well, Louis says he is jealous about the way it clings . . . men are so deliciously funny, are they not, Marie?), and it is *couleur de rose* with silver tissue peeping out from the most mysterious corners. Of course, Marie, *le beau monde* demands that your skirts should be discretion personified, to the point of virginal purity, here in gay Paree, and they must *nearly* cover your ankles, whether they be of the sort that yours are, or the other kind, which it is always best to cover rather than (as you quaint English would say) "shout about."

But it is in the theatres that I see, and (wheesper it, Marie) gasp about the, oh! so enchanting gowns that the modistes are creating. The poor M'sieurs must groan, how so much, when Madame's bill comes home for those delectable, delicious, delirious



A-many, many years ago
The Female rated rather low.
A diff'rent creature—one might say—
From that fair thing we see to-day.



She had to work much harder then,
Persuaded often by rough men,
Who daily grew in strength and size
By dint of healthy exercise.

A WELL-BEHAVED "UNDIE."

dainties. I saw an opera cloak the other evening in the foyer of the Athénée which brought a pout to the lips which Louis said must have grown on the gooseberry bush next to his. Marie, *ma chère*, that cloak made me feel perfectly wicked! Its wearer was one of those delightful creatures who know the value of royal raiment, and seem to pass the knowledge on to anybody who is loitering in the vicinity. "Isn't it divine?" I asked of my Louis. But men are so funny, Marie. He said: "What, *ma chérie*, is divine?" and looked *straight past* the vision! But close those pretty eyes of yours, my Marie, for one leetle moment and *think* of it . . . long, thick folds of emerald-green velvet, lined with real ermine (soft, creamy stuff, Marie, which no genius at deception could ever reproduce), and the ermine peeping out at the neck in a cute, "here-I-am" way, and straying half-way up the wide, full sleeves.

Marie, why was I born with a *penchant* for purity? When my Louis *did* realise what I wanted him to look at he shook his dear head and shrugged his old shoulders. And then he gently removed me from the divine one's presence . . . whether because he was afraid for his cheque-book, or whether because she wasn't really divine, well . . .

Talking of theatres, Marie, I have not yet forgotten, although I have had several weeks to try, the awful horror

of a play we saw at the Grand Guignol Theatre. My Louis tried to dissuade me from going, and ever since I have been thinking what a pity it is, Marie, that our poor men have not got a right to use some instrument of torture on wayward women, to exercise their wishes and *make* us obey them!

The play was called "At Dawn," and for M. André de Lorde and M. Jean de Bernac I can only wish that their imaginations will stop at the turning before this one when they again set out to freeze the nice warm blood in my veins.

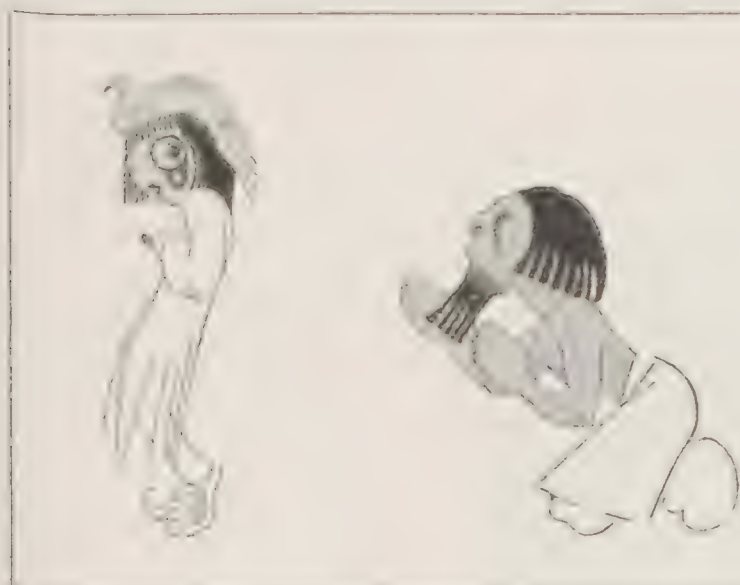
The Prefecture of Police has, since the first performance of this horror, prevailed upon the management of the theatre to reduce the agony by leaving a little of it to one's imagination. But I shan't go again, Marie, to see if they've respected the wish of the estimable Prefecture.

I spent two hours with Madame Chirac yesterday. I'm afraid, very much, that my Louis will *know* about that two hours soon! And when I fell into temptation and ordered a perfectly *chic* and irresistible evening gown of black velvet, Madame showed me, with that "of-course-I'm-not-expecting-you-to-buy-it,-Madame," air, a quaint little conceit which she called a camisole. Oh, but *ma chère* Marie, it was *sweet*. You know how difficult it is, Marie, to make a camisole behave when you're wearing it under an evening gown that is sleeveless?

Well, this one has been taught good manners by the ever-resourceful Madame Chirac. It has no shoulder straps, but, underneath the beribboned top nestles the tiniest piece of ribbon elastic, which grips you, ever so gently, and completely dispels the horrible possibility of your losing the garment. Another narrow piece of elastic is threaded through the camisole about half-way down, and yet another around the waist-line . . . and tiny little streamers of rosebuds creep all around it and successfully hide the ingenuity of Madame. So clever you are with your needle, my Marie, that you could make a beautiful reproduction, and I am sure it would not cost you nearly as much as this one is going to cost the divine Louis!

I send you big keeses, my Marie, and the small Ton-Ton asks me to include a pink lick (Louis *kicked* Ton-Ton the other evening, just because the sweet little thing scratched the bobbly-bit off of his bedroom slippers—the brute!). And Louis begs that I convey his salutations (he isn't *really* tired of hearing about you, because he asked me when you were coming to stay with us). Perhaps, some day, you will, Marie—only don't, I beg of you, tell Louis about the camisole! Madame is going to book it as "three pairs of silk hose"!

Ever you own,
YVETTE.



But, ever crafty and alert,
The cunning creature learned to flirt,
And so, with artful coquetties,
Soon had her keeper on his knees.



And now, victorious at last,
She rises from a dismal past:
The trapper's caught in his own trap—
She's all but pushed Man off the map.

THE FLAPPER AT THE WHEEL.

Initiating the Novices into the Intricacies of Traffic Driving.

WHEN the novice has learnt something of the "inside works" of a car, and understands more or less what it may be expected to do under given circumstances, it is time to teach her the actual practice of driving.

Not all good mechanics are good drivers. They may know exactly how and when to change gear, and what happens when they do so—they may even be able to take off a beaded-edge tyre and put it on again in five minutes, with nothing but the end of a spanner to help them—and yet they may not be able to get through a run of any length without an accident, or at least a series of hairbreadth escapes. The amateur instructor can only see that his pupil is equipped to pass a test as stiff as that for the ordinary R.A.C. certificate before she is made free of the road.

Reduced to two words, the essential test of good driving is distance judging. If your pupil can once learn to judge her distances correctly, she will have no trouble with backing and turning, or traffic driving. A few people seem to be born with this capacity—they are the natural experts, and need practice rather than tuition. But the average beginner finds it a terrible bugbear.

In traffic driving, safety does not lie merely in going dead slow all the time. It is a matter of judging the amount of space available on the road at any given moment—and this is such a deceptive quantity. When the novice at the wheel meets a bus lumbering down upon her, she is convinced that it is only leaving a foot or so of room for her, and that she will inevitably be crushed to pieces unless she mounts on to the pavement with all speed. So she immediately stops her engine in a panic, and the vehicle behind her bumps into her back mudguards, while its driver, being a perfect gentleman, curses all novices, and ladies in particular.

On the other hand, when she sees a small donkey cart ambling along in the

middle of the road, she generally makes up her mind that nothing is simpler than to pass it. She even omits to give "audible warning of approach," arguing that the donkey driver should be able to hear her coming without that. But, as a matter of fact, carters, and horse drivers generally, are under the delusion that they are entitled, by law, to their full half of the road. "I ain't going to give up my rights and drive in the ditch for the likes of you!" is their attitude. They therefore affect deafness to the most raucous Klaxon. How much less, then, will they move out of the way for the mere purring of an engine? On the contrary, that donkey man keeps right on where he is—and the optimistic motorist only finds out that there is *not* room to pass when her near wheel gets locked in his.

With these contingencies in view, it is advisable for the instructor to take his pupil through quiet streets only for a first initiation into traffic driving. For her help in the matter of distance judging, he may teach her a sound method of estimating the width of her own car.

This is to find out, when the car is at rest, the spot on the left wing which is directly above the wheel, and to mark this spot, say, with a chalked cross. If the driver keeps this spot in her mind's eye when passing other vehicles, she will find it easier to avoid collisions than by making a lightning calculation of the available space, as seen from the driving seat. The bonnet of a car, plus wheels and side wings, is at least as wide as the body. But, owing to foreshortening, it does not appear so from the driver's point of view. This is a fruitful source of accident.

Speed judging is another useful accomplishment, and one that is about the last to be acquired by the novice. It is a well-known fact that the uninitiated spectator—notably if he be of the genus "Robert"—is quite incapable in this respect. Usually, this applies equally to the driver. She may, of

course, have a speedometer to keep her informed. But she still has the task of judging her own speed *in comparison* with other vehicles. Will there be time to pass the car in front before that other car, now dimly visible in the distance, comes on the scene? The novice thinks there will be, but the instructor knows from experience that two approaching motor vehicles approach each other at a velocity which is the sum of—well, which is quite surprising, anyhow. So, if he is wise, he counsels her to draw in and wait till the road is completely clear before passing. Otherwise, her knowledge of speed values will be too dearly bought.

The foregoing advice is particularly necessary when it comes to meeting or overtaking trams. A tram is a sly, treacherous, and objectionable beast, from the motorist's point of view. It approaches stealthily, without warning (except a buzzing which reminds you of a wasp, when you hear it at all); it stops suddenly and frequently, and it gets up speed in the twinkling of an eye, just when you are congratulating yourself that you have left it behind. The prentice traffic driver should certainly tackle the tram routes last.

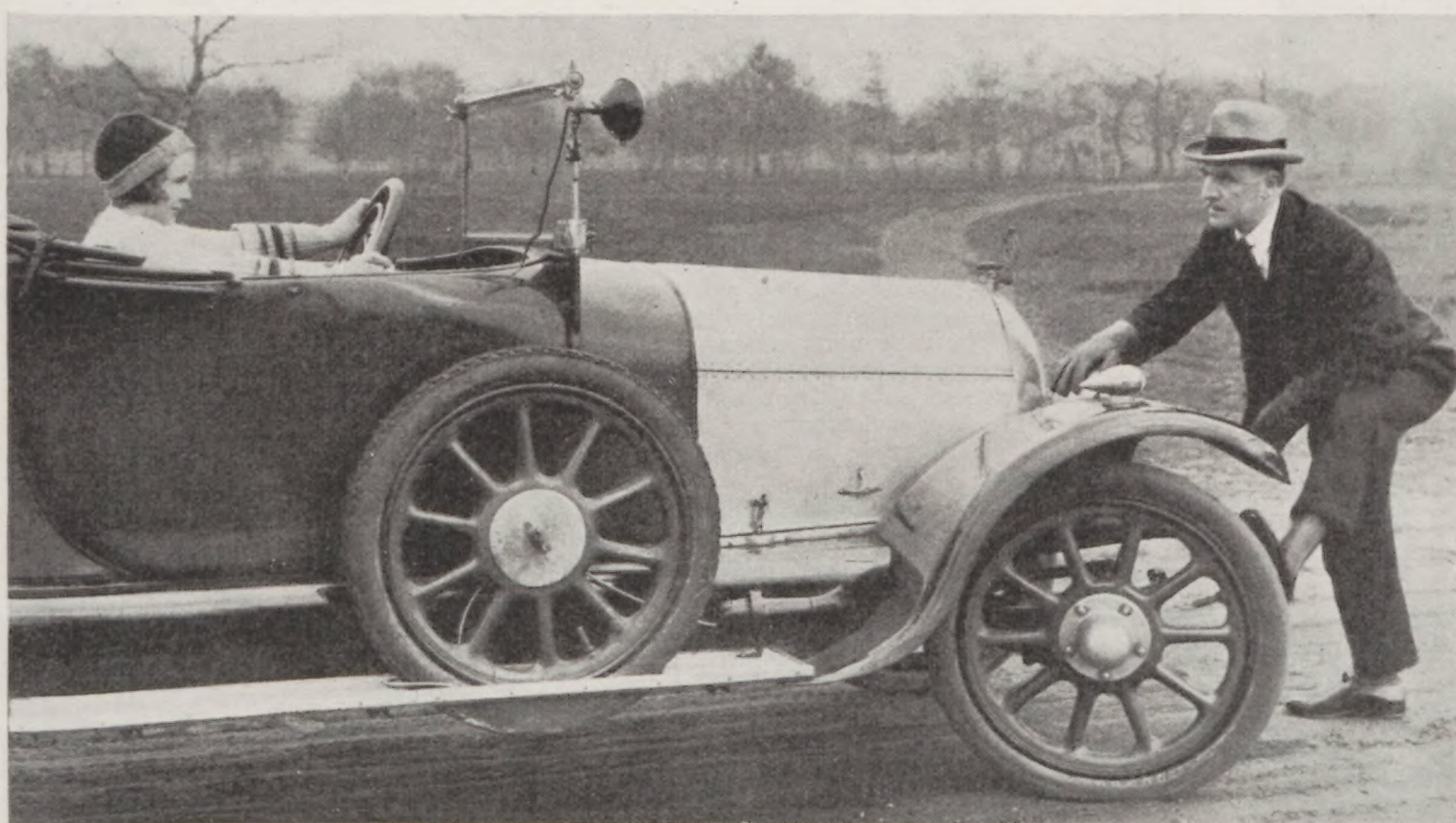
Turning corners at reduced speed, with a change of gear if necessary, and taking right-hand wide, are other little points that cannot be too often impressed on the novice. She should be made to drive through twisty streets, riddled with blind corners, the instructor's foot poised above the brake, till she shows the necessary caution. She should also be instructed in the art of drawing up close to the curb, which is by no means so easy as it sounds. The number of cars left standing with their back wheels straggling across the road, a prey to careless passing traffic, bears witness to this statement.

Above all—perhaps this should have been mentioned first—let the beginner be taught the regulation hand signals for stopping, turning, etc.

BE MERCIFUL!

THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG.

There are two ways of doing everything—the right way and the wrong. Probably more harm is done to the steering gear of motor cars by wrenching round the steering wheel when the car is at rest than by many thousands of miles of fair wear and tear.



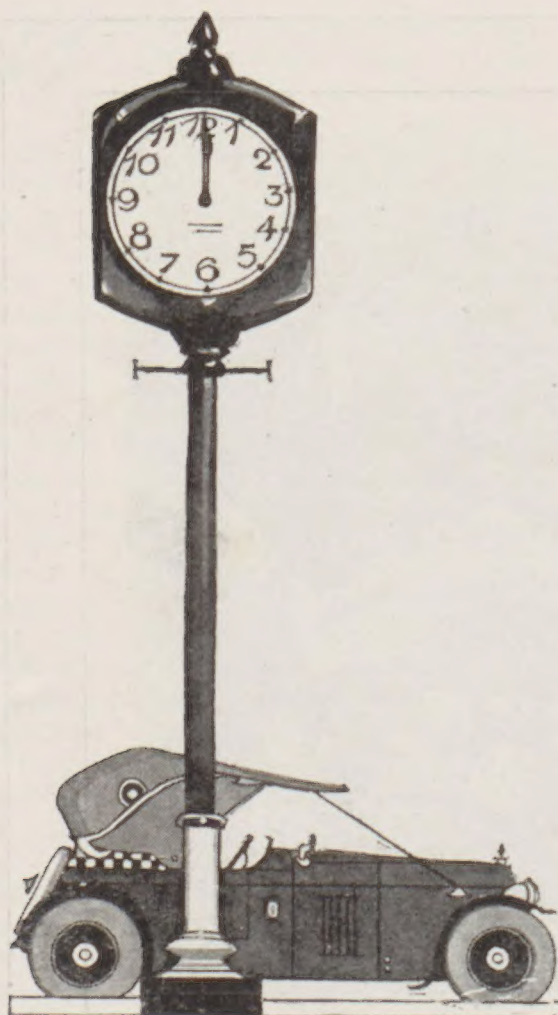
A helping hand—or foot—on the front wheels, and a child can turn the steering wheel.



But, apart from the damage caused, wrenching the front wheels round requires a considerable physical effort.

THE ROADS IN JANUARY.

In a monthly journal it is not always possible to be absolutely up to date with road information. The information given below, however, is supplied by the Roads Department of the Automobile Association, and is not only authentic but, being in some cases anticipatory, may be taken generally as indicating local conditions on the first of the month.



THE following road information is compiled from reports received by the Automobile Association and Motor Union:—

Re-metalling is still in progress in the High Street, Berkhamstead. The Bath road between Colnbrook and Taplow is poor in places, but otherwise this road is good to Hungerford. High Street, Slough, is under repair (parts closed). Tarmac laying is in progress one mile west of Reading.

The Brighton road is under repair at Banstead, Handcross and Salford. The surface at Crawley and Preston is bad; otherwise this road is fair.

Minor repairs in progress at S. entrance to St. Albans; road widening in High Street South, Dunstable.

Full width tarmac laying at Godstone Sandpits on the Eastbourne road. Full width re-metalling north of East Grinstead and north of Forest Row, also through Ashdown Forest. Full width re-metalling between Halland and High Croft. Repairs between Polegate and Wilmington on the Lewes road.

The surface of the Folkestone road is fairly good. Tarmac is being laid S. of Orspringe on the Sittingbourne road.

The North road is generally good, though bad for one mile N. and S. of Alconbury, and between Norman's Cross and Stilton. Caution advised through Buckden.

Repairs are in hand between Pembury and Lamberhurst on the Hastings road, which is generally fair. Caution advised through Robertsbridge.

The Oxford road is fair, repairs being in hand at Wycombe Marsh. Care necessary. Caution advised at Dashwoods and Aston Rowat Hills (surface). The Reading-Faringdon road is good to Streatley, then poor in places. Full width tarmac laying between West Hendred and Wantage.

Full width repairs through Witley Camp on the Portsmouth road, which is otherwise good. Compasses Bridge over Canal at Alford is dangerous to heavy traffic; alternative turn left after passing over Shalford Bridge and proceed via Womersley and Cranleigh. Road widening 1½ miles E. of Arundel on the Brighton road.

The Southampton road as far as Basingstoke is good, after which fair. Repairs in hand 3½ miles S. of Basingstoke and at Chandlersford.

THE MOTOR-OWNER LIGHTING-UP TABLE.

Lighting-up time is 4.28 p.m. in London on January 1st and 5.16 p.m. on February 1st. Variations in other parts of the country on those dates are given below.

BRISTOL 4.38 5.26	EXETER 4.47 5.34	MANCHESTER .. 4.26 5.18
BIRMINGHAM .. 4.30 5.19	FALMOUTH 4.45 5.41	NEWCASTLE .. 4.15 5.09
CARLISLE 4.21 5.15	GLASGOW 4.21 5.05	NORWICH 4.18 5.07
CARNARVON .. 4.37 5.28	INVERNESS 4.09 5.09	OXFORD 4.31 5.19
DERBY 4.26 5.17	JOHN O' GROAT'S.. 3.54 4.59	PLYMOUTH 4.50 5.37
EDINBURGH .. 4.15 5.12	LEEDS 4.22 5.14	PORTSMOUTH .. 4.34 5.22

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